The Politics of Art

September 22, 1966 35¢

CHINA LEAPS—WHERE?

THE REPORTER

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How an underground river helps keep these high school students warm in winter, cool in summer.

Who in the world would think of making the Underground Arkansas River part of a school's heating and cooling system? The great engineers of Borg-Warner's York Division, that's who. And here's how.

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Signing yearbooks at Campus High School near Wichita—where the school board, consulting engineers, contractor and York teamed up to put in an amazing device called a heat pump

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DOUBLEDAY

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS undoubtedly a most serious crisis in the foreign policy of our country, as evidenced by the constant pronouncements of eminent members of Congress and leaders who still proclaim themselves to be our allies. **Max Ascoli** makes a preliminary comment on two recent examples of this unrest, and will be keeping a close eye on its development.

Until not long ago, the biggest Federal foray into the arts was the WPA, or possibly Mount Rushmore, but in neither case something to stack up against such state-sponsored institutions as the Comédie Française or the Vienna State Opera. Our government is a late-comer in a field that has been filled by institutions and foundations managed by private citizens, and there is pressure on it to make up for lost time. Certainly there is much that it could do, despite the usual tangle of committees and councils, and confusion over their objectives and jurisdictions. **Meg Greenfield** examines both the accomplishments and the hazards of Washington's new artistic hierarchy.

THE EXCLUSION of American journalists from China makes the job of following events in that paranoid society unusually difficult, but even without this handicap the current political convulsions in Peking would remain baffling. The China-monitoring facilities in Hong Kong are exceptional, however, and with their help and his own background of some fifteen years in the Far East, **Robert S. Elegant** is able to describe the outlines of a major power shift among China's rulers. Mr. Elegant is Hong Kong bureau chief for the Los Angeles *Times*. . . . California politics can be baffling too, and it has a habit of forerunning national trends. One hopes that the fascination with prefabricated "image" candidates like Ronald Reagan will stop at the state line, but the hope may be forlorn. **Julius Duscha** is associate director of the journalism fellowship program in Stanford University's Department of Communication. . . . There are several layers of significance to the sham trial in Moscow of the writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, as we have noted earlier this year. **Deming Brown,** professor of Russian literature at the University of Michigan, reports that seven months after the trial the stubborn opposition among Russian intellectuals is undiminished. . . . Not everything in the British economic picture is bleak. A spirit of bold enterprise, efficiency, and booming productivity pervades at least one industry—organized crime. **Lawrence Malkin,** a secret fan of the colorful British banditti, is with the Associated Press London bureau. . . . **Fernando Krahn** begins life anew.

CIGARETTES have their enemies these days, but few as implacable as the gentleman **Nancy Huddleston Packer** writes about. Readers may remember Mrs. Packer's earlier story about her Congressman father, "Giving, Getting" which appeared in *The Reporter* of December 31, 1964. . . . You can hardly see what is happening on stage at Bayreuth these days. But **Frederic V. Grunfeld** has found new insights into Wagner amid the gloom of the darkened stage. . . . Poems by **Robley Wilson, Jr.,** have appeared several times in our pages. Mr. Wilson teaches at the State University of Iowa. . . . **Peter Schrag,** a former academic adminstrator, is the author of *Voices in the Classroom* (Beacon). . . . **Marcus Klein,** who is teaching American literature this year at the University of Toulouse, is the author of *After Alienation,* a study of recent fiction available in Meridian paperback.

Our cover, a woodblock impression of the Palace Gate in Peking, **is by Frederic Marvin.**

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In the TV ratings race, we may be backing a loser. Whether you're a music buff or not, you may find some excitement in joining our exploration of the world of fine music. Tune in and give it a try.

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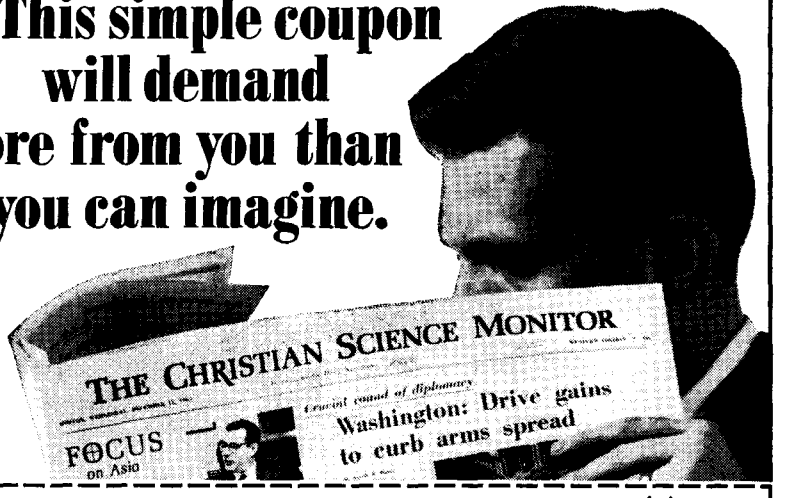

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TAXING JUDGE SMITH

To the Editor: Martin F. Nolan's splendid article "The Negro Stake in Washington Home Rule" (*The Reporter,* August 11) contains Judge Howard W. Smith's argument from the floor of the House of Representatives and quotes him as arguing that any city government established for Washington would result in the "fact that they are going to tax the Capitol. They are going to tax the White House. They are going to tax the chairs you gentlemen sit in today. . . . How much are those big leather chairs going to be appraised for when the Washington city-government agents come up here?" Then, he reports, the House voted 227 to 174 to kill the prospect for Washington self-government.

The ignorance of the members of the House in accepting Smith's argument on taxation, compounded by the judge's presentation of that false statement, leads one to wonder about the fitness of the members of the House. Every freshman in a basic college course in American history knows that Federal government property may not be taxed. That principle was founded in the 1819 Supreme Court decision of *McCulloch* v. *Maryland.* It still applies today. One might ask the members of the House why it is that every year they vote "in lieu" payments to such cities as San Diego and Oceanside, here in California, for example.

Perhaps the honorable Congressmen should have a refresher course in U.S. Constitutional history. This is even more an alarming matter when one realizes that many of the men sitting in the House are lawyers!

DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.
Associate Professor of History
University of Southern California
Los Angeles

NIX ON NIXON

To the Editor: Thanks to Jules Witcover for emphasizing how hard Richard Nixon is already running for the nomination in 1968 ("The Availability of Richard Nixon," *The Reporter,* August 11). I heard his "standard speech" in Tulsa and was appalled, as usual, by the endless equivocations and insincerity of this man who seems at this moment quite likely to become the Republican candidate yet again. It is depressing to think that many people have still not learned to see through the extremely transparent Mr. Nixon.

E. F. STEWART
Tulsa

APPRAISAL

To the Editor: *The Reporter* dated July 14, which I received July 9, contained Henry A. Kissinger's appraisal

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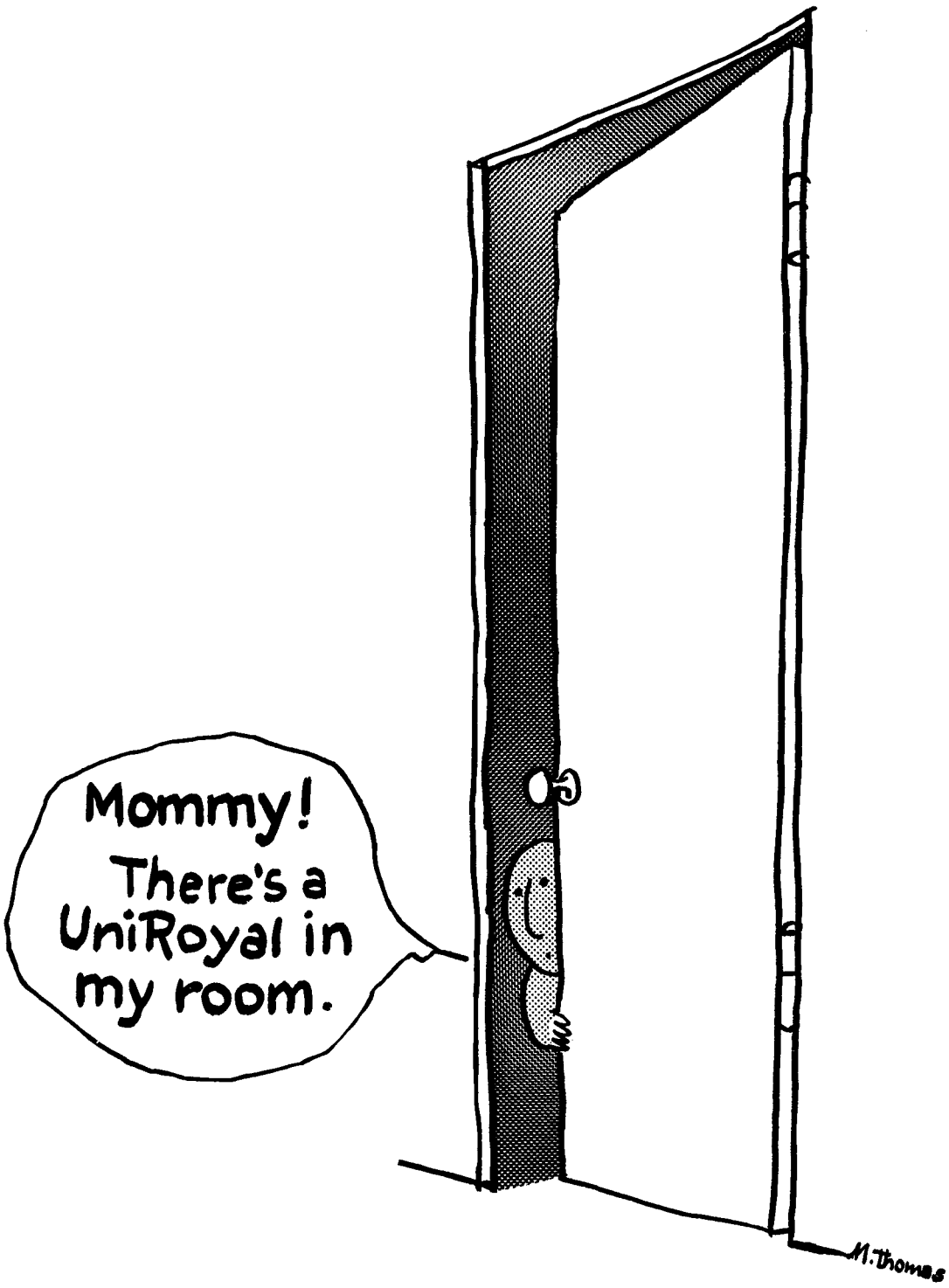

No, there isn't, go to sleep.

There is, there is . . .

If you don't go back to bed this minute . . .

Uh . . . excuse us for butting in but there really is a Uniroyal in his room. A whole herd of Uniroyals.

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What will become of little Sue?

Four-year-old Sue-Cha Shen has waited several hours for her stepfather to return. She is too young to realize *she has been abandoned.*

It was almost dark when one of our staff workers discovered Sue. Later we learned that her real father had been killed in an accident.

Her mother, with five sons and a daughter to support, married in desperation, but the stepfather didn't want little girls, and proceeded to get rid of Sue-Cha.

And what will become of her now? Our homes operate on a severely limited budget, and unless we find a sponsor for Sue — her future looks bleak indeed.

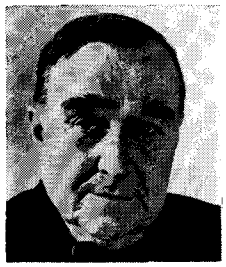
Will you help? The world is full of little Sue-Chas—waiting, looking for happiness, love, a warm meal, a clean dress.

This is why Overseas Children (formerly Christian Herald Industrial Missions in China) opened an orphanage in China, many years ago. And after the Communists forced us out, we moved on to Hong Kong, Formosa, then Korea.

And it seems we always have more orphans than sponsors. This is very dear to my heart. I have held children like Sue-Cha in my arms—innocent victims of a world full of violence.

I urge you to sponsor a needy child. The cost is small, only $10 a month. Besides the child's love and gratitude, you will receive his or her picture, life history, and the chance to exchange letters. Both groups and individuals can sponsor these youngsters.

Please—sit down right now, fill out the sponsor application, write your check for $10 and send it air mail. The need is urgent. A child is waiting for your love. Will you help? Today?



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Daniel A. Poling, President

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of Germany's internal danger in having permitted itself to become the buffer nation between France and the United States. I read his warning just as West Germany was going to the polls, and the "delicate balance of German political life" is now upset, as Kissinger predicted.

The Reporter also called the bluff of Thich Tri Quang a full month before Premier Ky had plotted the course followed by Suharto in negating Sukarno.

You report the most difficult and editorialize consistently the correct results of coming events.

OLIVER R. STEVENS
State College
Pennsylvania

To the Editor: It is only indolence that has kept me from writing you weeks ago to tell you how stimulating I find *The Reporter* these days. In a day when a lot of so-called liberals have lost most of their mental balance and all of their sense of proportion, I find your reports from Washington, your coverage of the Vietnam war, your penetrating analysis of what is going on in Europe, and, above all, your vigorous editorials most rewarding.

I realize that you must have lost some of your former friends, those whom someone has classed as the "knee-jerk liberals." I know at least one of them. But I also know of at least two new friends you have gained, partly through my missionary work.

Thanks for maintaining a sense of proportion when so many have lost theirs.

CARROLL B. LARRABEE
Annandale, Virginia

COUNTERCHARGE

To the Editor: Being a Thai citizen, I found of particular interest the article by Maynard Parker on the situation in the south of Thailand ("Squeeze Play in Thailand," *The Reporter,* August 11).

I wish we could congratulate you and Mr. Parker on his article. However, the article embodies too many half-truths and even untruths. At the time when the copies of your magazine were on sale, news may have reached you that a joint Thai-Malaysian patrol had been ambushed and six Malaysian and two Thai policemen were killed. Does this look to Mr. Parker like Thai border police being on the payroll of the Chinese terrorists, as he claims an American official in Penang charged?

SAMARN NARUEMITYARN
Bangkok

IRON MOUNTAIN

To the Editor: Martin Mayer's striking tribute to the success of Liberia's LAMCO iron-ore project ("Men of the Iron Mountain," *The Reporter,* July 14) captures the spirit of dedication shared by investors in the enterprise from three continents and its em-

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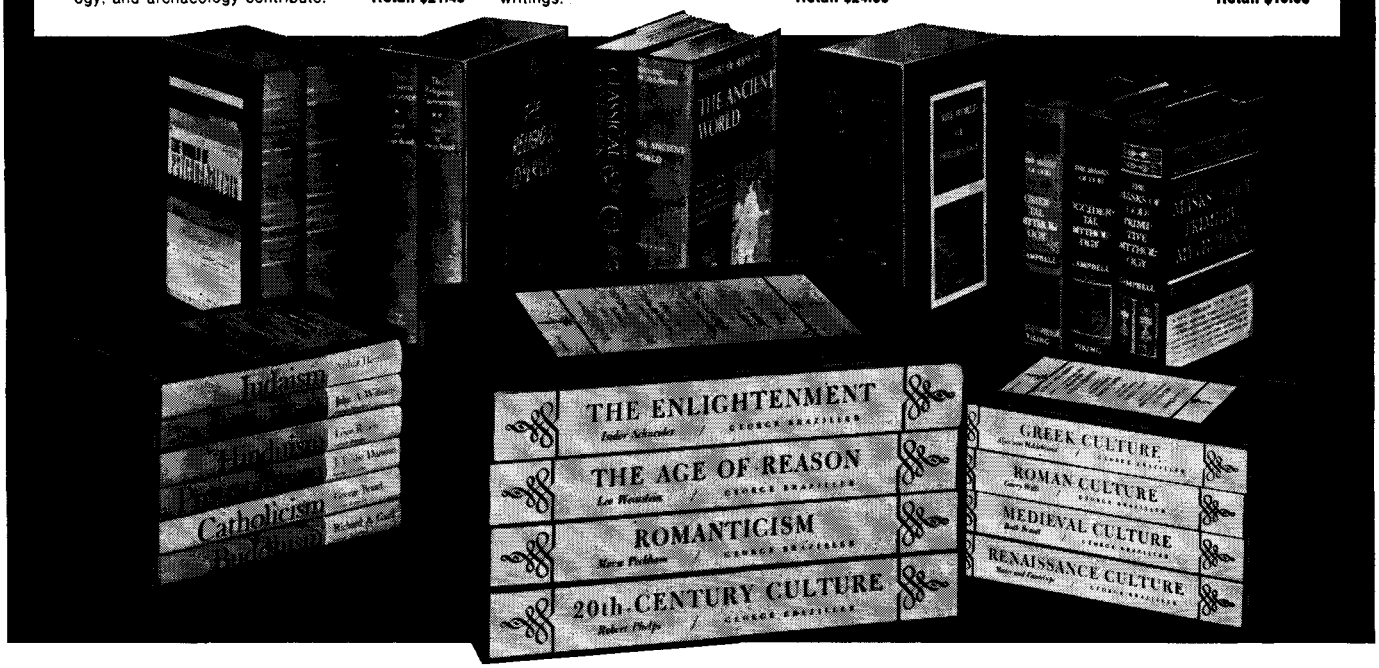

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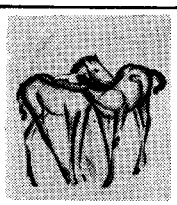

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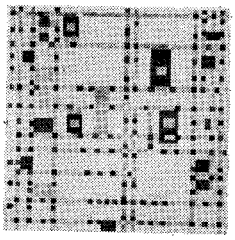

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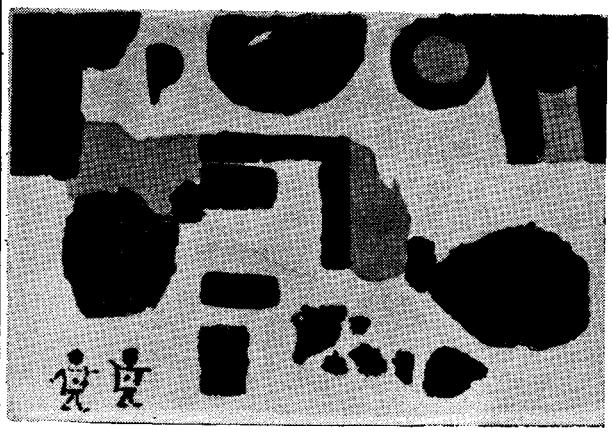

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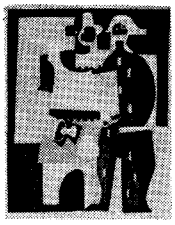

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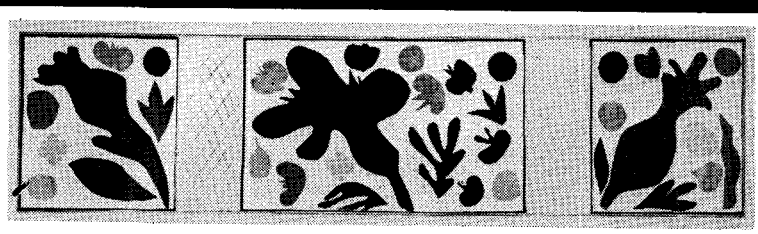

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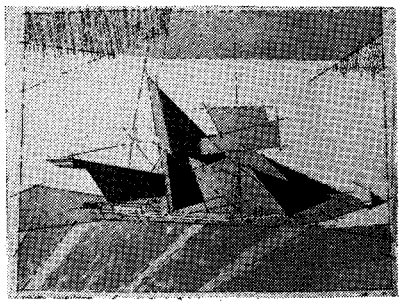

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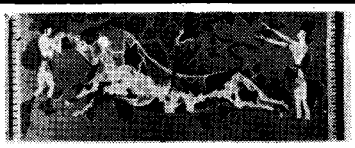

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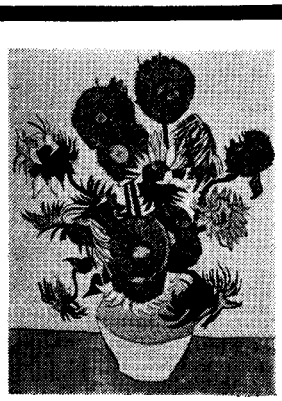

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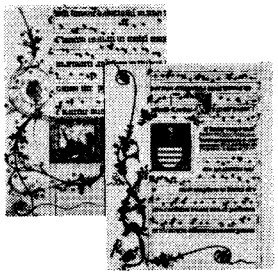

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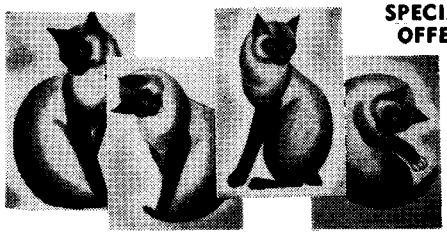

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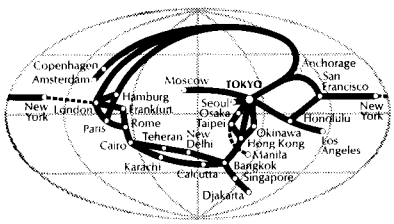

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ACCOLADE

To the Editor: Bravo to Roland Gelatt for suggesting a re-evaluation of Yehudi Menuhin's place among the musicians of our day ("Midsummer Miscellany," *The Reporter*, August 11). It is a recurring phenomenon that musicians who are acclaimed on one side of the Atlantic may be ignored on the other. Certainly such seems to be the case with Menuhin, and what a pity it is! Americans seem generally to think of him merely as a dazzling prodigy of yesteryear, more virtuoso than musician. Any one of several recent recordings will demonstrate that Menuhin has indeed matured far beyond the mere virtuoso stage and become "one of the supreme musicians of our day." As an example, one might recommend his recordings of the Bach partitas for solo violin. Menuhin's special feeling for these wonderfully pure statements is one of the great experiences available on records.

GEORGE BLAYNE
New York

THOSE AMERICANS

To the Editor: What Sarel Eimerl ("Scoop!" *The Reporter*, September 8) has to say about English novelists who seek to denounce Americans as brassy, crude, tasteless, and barbarian may be true; but the fact is, as anyone who has taught knows, that while Malcolm Bradbury's characters and scenes may be familiar, they can be all too real. It doesn't take "hack English prejudice" to recognize that girls from the Seven Sisters colleges can follow the stereotype; that the loyalty oath still sticks in the craw of the many who have to take it; that football coaches have bribed students to attend their schools; that some administrators blend folksiness with Madison Avenue.

What Mr. Eimerl really overlooks is the basic point that Mr. Bradbury's English hero is as unattractive as the Americans he comes in contact with.

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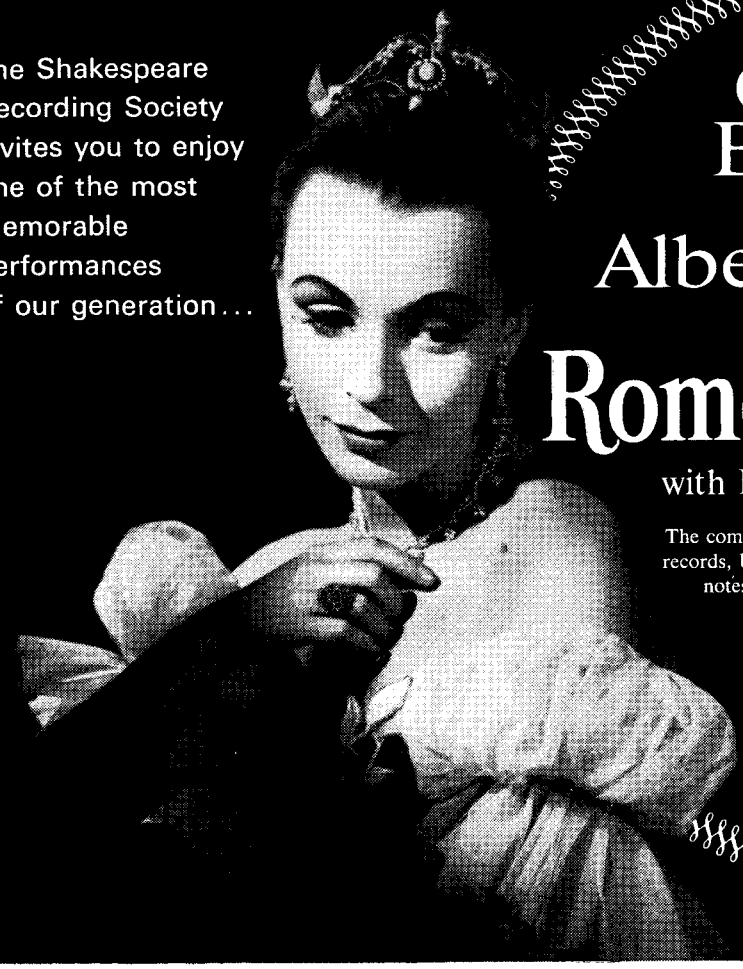

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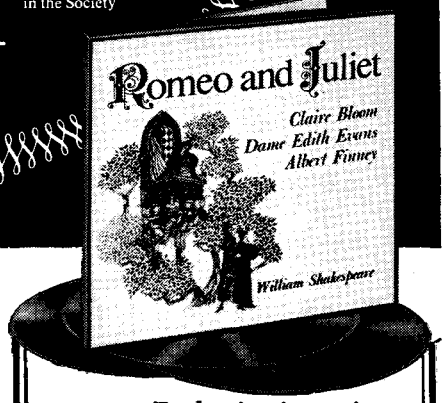

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 154

by HENRY ALLEN

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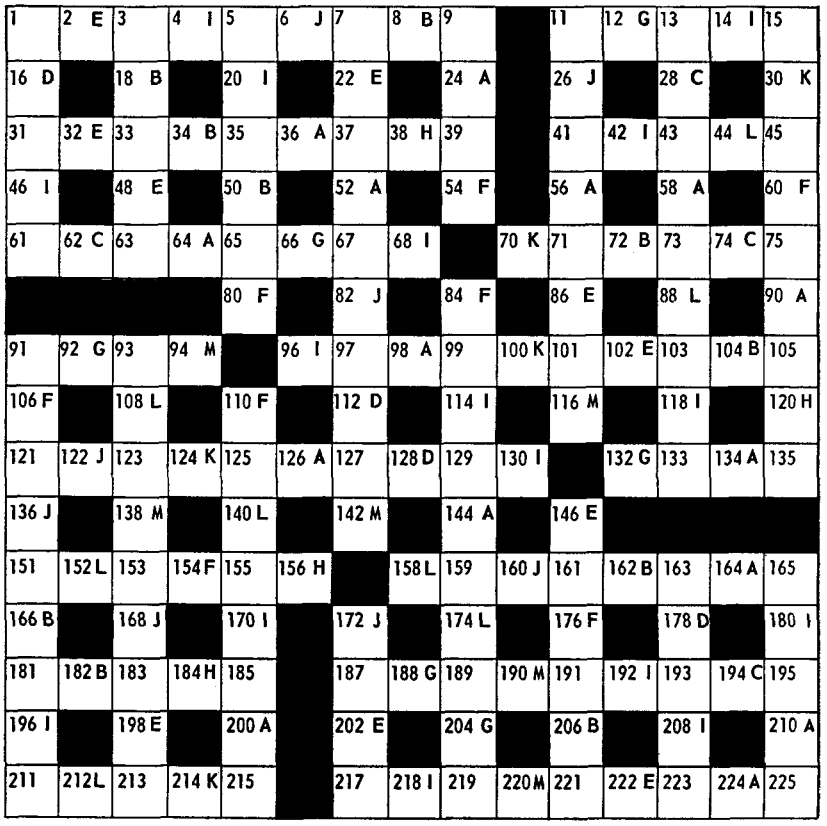
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 52 200 90 164 58 98 134 224 24 126 36 64 56 210 144 The Acrostician is a prominent member of this (10, 5).

B 18 162 166 72 8 34 104 50 182 206 Avowed, professed.

C 28 62 74 194 Scene of British naval mutiny, 1797.

D 128 112 178 16 Frequent cry during the French Revolution (1, 3).

E 202 222 22 86 48 102 146 32 198 2 Setting for work by Scott and Donizetti.

F 176 60 110 84 106 154 80 54 Dexterity.

G 12 66 204 92 188 132 Separate chaff by blowing.

H 120 38 184 156 480 sheets of paper.

I 4 114 130 180 14 192 170 208 196 118 20 68 96 46 42 218 Shutting up of a business or no more worrying? (3, 2, 4, 7).

J 122 6 168 172 160 82 136 26 The alcazar of the Moorish kings at Granada.

K 70 30 100 124 214 Faux pas.

L 88 44 174 108 158 140 212 152 "__, ____, sir," Shakespeare, "I Henry IV" (4, 4).

M 190 138 94 220 116 142 "Eye____'s walks, shoot folly as it flies." Pope, "Essay on Man."

ACROSS

1. Maginot, for example, near the idle Marne (5, 4).
11. A bird of a dean!
31. Kind of meal for South Prep? (3, 6).
41. Imbibed, foul at last.
61. Writing at back in the idea.
70. Spanish war shakes the railroad with ague!
91. Single one in the United States.
96. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
121. Arctic area is mostly another Arctic area.
132. The smallest particle is not quite snowlike.
151. Kind of sewing joggles manes, I know.
158. Turns up as sham when a crash comes (1, 7).
181. A hundred fifty-two on the back.
187. Leap or held for trial? (5, 4).
211. Sharpens but isn't quite honest.
217. Is the dunce near? Hold on.

DOWN

1. Is she an odd color with a tree on top?
3. We are met to hear music.
5. Questions? Do bust them.
7. It's unlikely if I probe lamb chops.
9. Listening apparatus in near Siberia.
11. Broken oars about a drum for dolorous tale (3, 5).
13. Where the banker bird may keep his nest egg (2, 1, 6).
15. Disassemble or act in a play? (4, 5 or 4, 1, 4).
84. Canned music? (5, 5).
91. Not cricket, but American, perhaps.
93. Stylish if Noah sin (2, 7).
110. Her fiancé has two points and lots of money.
146. Angrier color?
163. Nevah! Back to port!
165. Trope sings Ottoman government.
172. End of 7 down can do.

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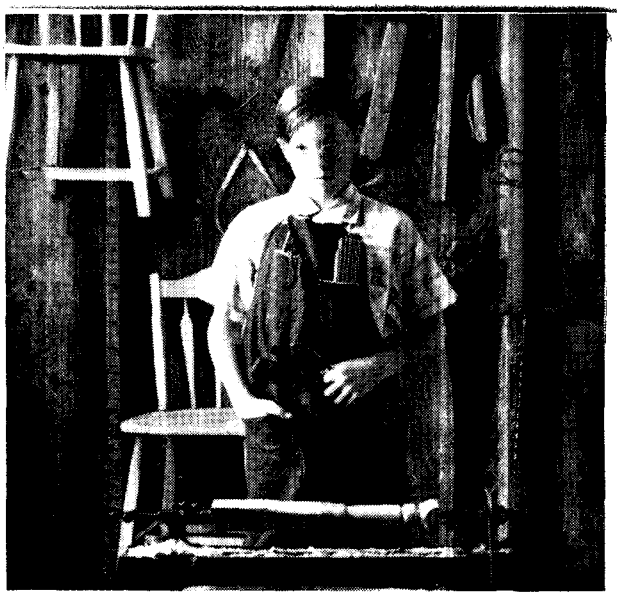

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Hero on Vacation

One curious aspect of civil-rights struggles in the Senate has been the way in which they produce legislative heroes. The honor is dearly won. It requires a legislator who can control the liberals who tend to seek too much too soon, appeal to the troubled conscience of mid-western conservatives, collect dozens of political debts, and, finally, outwit the Southerners who are staging—or threatening—a filibuster. Promotion to the rank of statesman is generally conferred by the press within hours of final victory. In the 1950's, the hero's mantle fell to the Majority Leader, Lyndon Johnson. In recent years the title had been taken by the Minority Leader, Everett McKinley Dirksen.

This year, however, Dirksen has little enthusiasm for the hero's role. He is opposing even limited open-occupancy housing, and since most civil-rights leaders do not want a bill without the housing proviso, it is even possible that there will be no civil-rights bill at all.

From the start, the President and Attorney General Katzenbach seized on the least sign that Dirksen would change his position as he had in the past.

Katzenbach was dispatched to Dirksen's office to "explain the problem" and to hear the Senator's views. It was gently suggested that perhaps the Senator and his legal staff would like to try their hand at writing a substitute bill. Once a Dirksen draft was written, the Attorney General reasoned, he could bring the Republican leader into the fold through further negotiations. Finally, the Democratic liberals and their friends in the rights movement would be made to see that without Dirksen the filibuster could not be stopped. They would be forced to swallow their pride and accept the Dirksen compromise.

But this time the ploy failed, largely because Dirksen's interests and those of the administration were too far apart. Even after the talks broke down, however, civil-rights lobbyists still couldn't believe that Dirksen would be willing to discard his heroic role. "With him there is always room for maneuver," Clarence Mitchell, the NAACP's lobbyist in Washington, observed. But this was no longer true. Mitchell kept dispatching Negro delegations from Chicago to Dirksen's office throughout August. The Senator was invariably polite but firm: on no condition, he told them, could he support a bill with an open housing title. Headlines in Chicago newspapers spread across Dirksen's desk told the rest of the story.

In their calculations, the rights leaders failed to remember that public-accommodations and voting rights—the two main issues on which Dirksen had come through before—made little difference to most of the Senator's white constituents in Illinois. But open occupancy, as the demonstrations in Cicero and elsewhere in the area showed, mattered very much indeed.

In the previous rights showdown, Dirksen argued for public accommodations as "an idea whose time has come." Open housing for Negroes, he believes, is an idea whose time has yet to come. Thus it was simple and natural for Dirksen to assume an alliance with the Southerners, for whom open occupancy is less of a problem but who remain eager to block any Federal tampering with the racial balance on Southern juries. Instead of working to break the filibuster, Dirksen became a leader of the team.

For a number of reasons, there seem to be no candidates for Dirksen's old role. While Majority Leader Mike Mansfield is as procedurally correct as ever in seeking to break the filibuster, he is far too preoccupied with foreign policy to bear down heavily on the rights issue. Moreover, he doesn't want to embarrass his old friend Dirksen. The bill's Democratic floor manager, Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, is a true believer. But even if Hart were a born leader (which he is not), he would be in no position to muster the troops required to impose cloture. Dirksen is also well aware that Hart's mail from Michigan is said to be running forty to one against the idea of open occupancy. With those odds, who wants to be a hero?

No-Progress Report

September 20, 1966, marks the passage of five full years since the fuss over the racial policies of Washington's Metropolitan Club led to the resignation of Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, Burke Marshall, and George C. Lodge, who had been an Assistant Secretary in the Department of Labor. Lodge, it will be remembered, had encountered difficulty in bringing a Negro guest to luncheon at the club in March of 1961; he had protested to the club's Board of Governors, and the luncheon was permitted to occur a few months later. His guest was George L. P. Weaver, who succeeded him at the Labor Department.

There was, of course, more to it than that. The right of the private club to choose both its members and its guests was not so much at issue as was the acquiescence in these policies by the numerous statesmen, political leaders, and journalists who make up the club's membership. It developed, for instance, that although the club's laws contained no explicit racial restrictions, in practice it did not accept Negro members and even went so far as to exclude Africans from memberships offered to foreign ambassadors. The State Department's Chief of Protocol, Angier Biddle Duke, resigned

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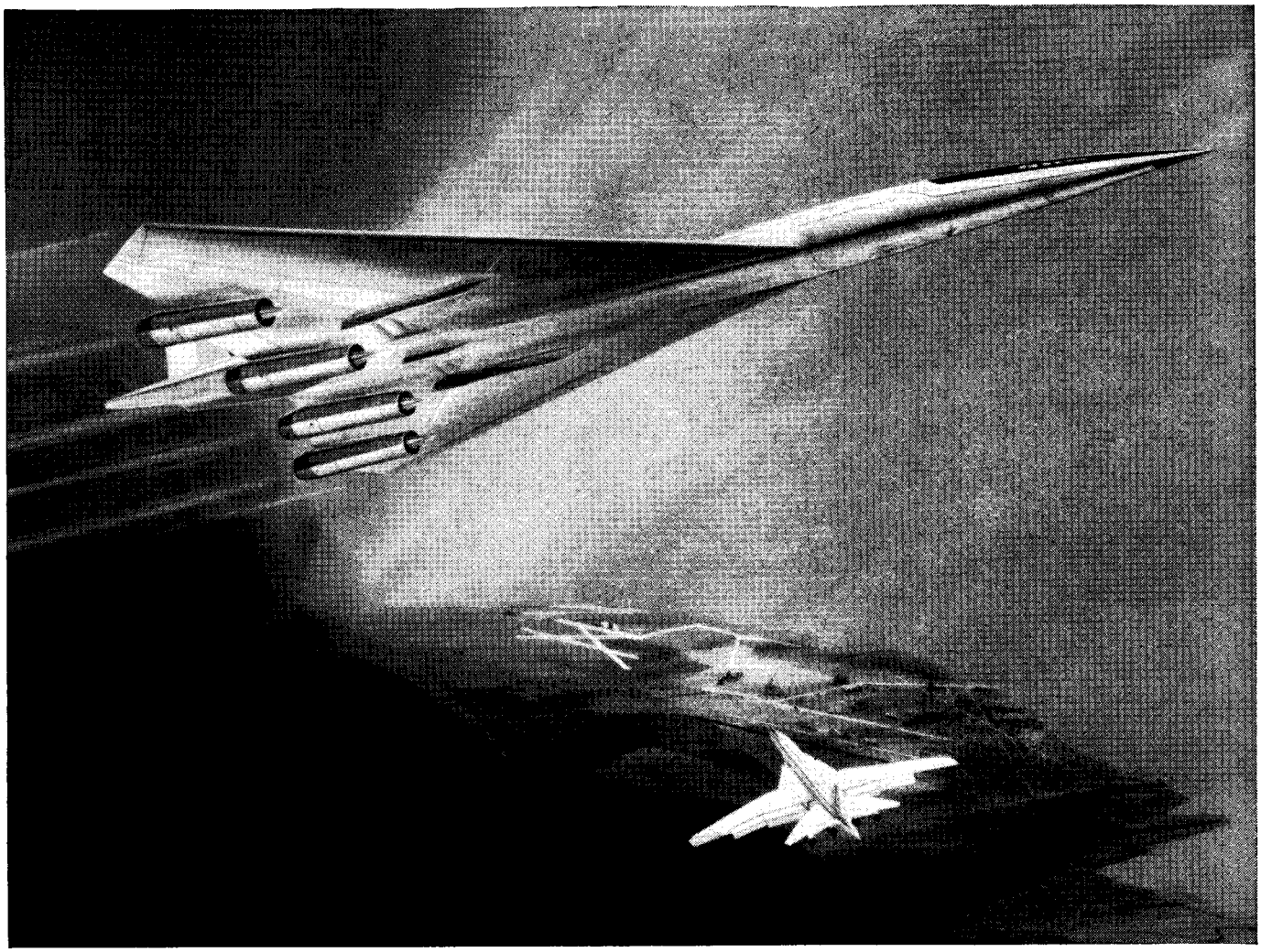

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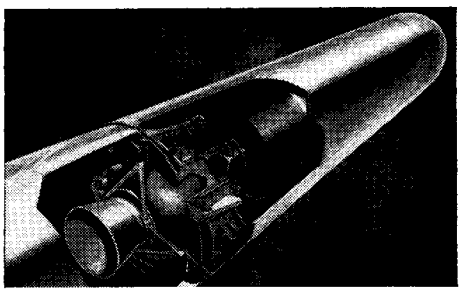

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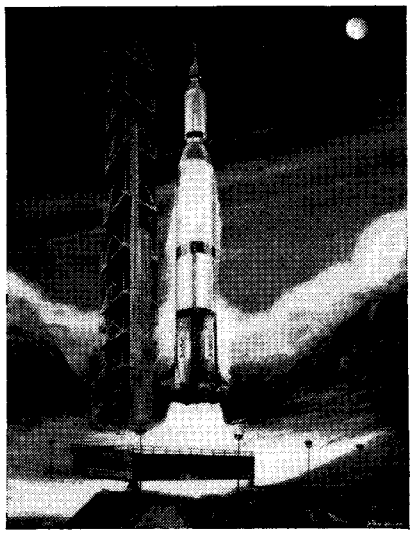

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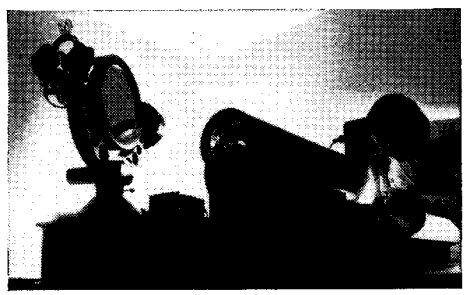

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in protest against this latter point of policy.

At the time of the turmoil, opinion in the Capital was pretty well divided between those who favored the resignations and those who argued for "boring from within." According to this school of thought, only by staying in the club and working to alter its policies could meaningful protest be made. How goes the boring from within? We recently made some inquiries on the subject and it turns out that September 20 is not much of a day to celebrate after all.

The list of the club's diplomatic members shows that since the trouble in 1961, it has admitted no African ambassadors. The rest of the story is rather hard to come by, but its outlines can be discerned. One clubsman, Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*, has recently written that the club has no Negro members and that the ban against Negro guests is still observed. Other members of whom we inquired also declared that nothing whatever has changed. Nor does there appear to have been much boring, stirring, buzzing, or nagging from within to change the Board of Governors' ways. When we asked the club's president, former Ambassador Livingston T. Merchant, whether its racial practices have been in any way altered in the past five years, he said, "This is a matter we just don't discuss with the press." We can see why.

Verbal Emergency

It's a toss-up whether scientists, the military, or government is most to blame for the unceasing flow of acronyms, neologisms, and abbreviated words that inundates the press. These things go in cycles, however, and we felt we were witnessing the beginning of a new one the other day when Judicare (legal aid to the poor) hit front pages already studded with references to Medicare and Medicaid. To get the -care and -caid phase over with as soon as possible, we herewith offer a few possible constructions:

DEADICARE—For people who can't pay for their funerals.
HEADICARE—Free psychotherapy.
NEDICKAID—Indigestion therapy for patrons of inexpensive lunch counters.
TEDDYCARE—A Massachusetts program to help victims of dynastyitis.
SHEDICAID—Like Judicare, helps in divorce cases.

If any of these programs are adopted, this will cause sufficient anguish to the conservatives to justify some BARRYCAID, as in "Man the ————————," which we had all better do in any case if the language suffers more of this abuse.

Very Conventional

With its civic life resembling more and more that of the French Fourth Republic, New York State has completed its convention week, assuring the only four-party gubernatorial contest in the nation. Besides determining control of Albany for the next four years, the contest among Nelson A. Rockefeller, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Frank D. O'Connor, and Paul L. Adams will also help decide whether the state's Democrats have been truly democratic and how liberal the Liberals really are. The Conservatives aspire to take over the "third line" on the ballot from the Liberals. Republicans presumably will remain Republicans and, faced with no identity crisis, prepare to retain the reins of state government.

The main issue, as presented by Governor Rockefeller, the Republican, and Roosevelt, the Liberal standard-bearer, is "bossism," an evil they feel is rampant in the Democratic Party and especially notable in the selection of O'Connor. Roosevelt, now a renegade Democrat, had charged O'Connor with being the beneficiary of "a backroom deal" while both were seeking the Democratic nomination. Governor Rockefeller chimed in, as did the sachems of the Liberal Party, who have a long-standing disagreement with O'Connor.

Anyone who watched the three conventions on television would have had difficulty finding evidence of boss control, at least among the Democrats. The Liberal convention, a tidy session in a New York hotel, took about an hour before Roosevelt was awarded the nomination; the rest of the ticket was chosen in swift, unopposed order. The same

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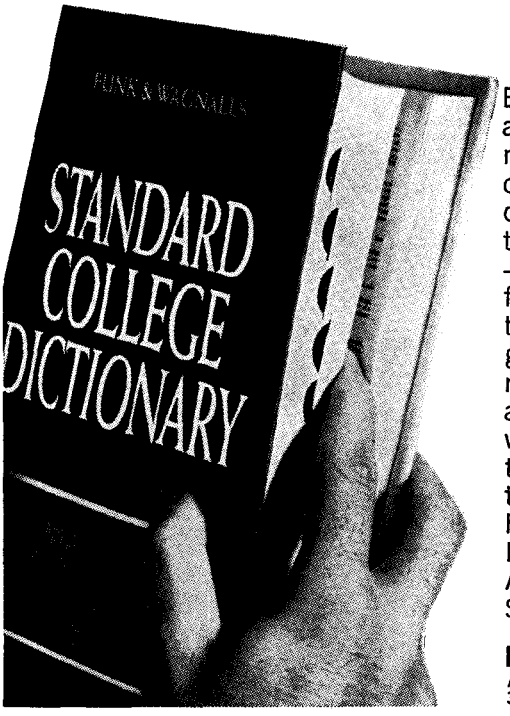

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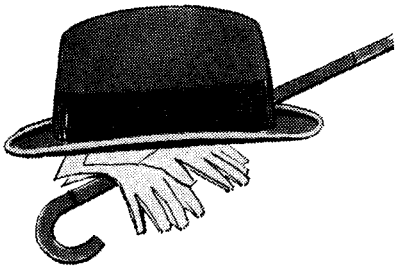

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Acrostician—

TRUMAN CAPOTE

was true of the Republican gathering in Rochester, where the floor demonstrations were no more spontaneous than the emotions that engendered them. The Democratic convention in Buffalo was a one-ballot affair for governor, to be sure, but the party bosses who could arrange this deal could surely have found a solution to the problem of lieutenant governor. This nomination erupted into a floor fight between up-state delegates, who wanted a candidate of their own, and the big city delegations, who wanted a famous name.

The O'Connor nomination featured an extraordinary tableau of unity. Joining in good cheer, friendship, and photographs were Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey and his alleged rival in the war of succession for the party hegemony, Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

Kennedy, who did not regard O'Connor as his first choice for governor, recited his praises of the New York City Council president manfully and called on Democrats to unite, comparing their third-party peril with the one Harry Truman battled in 1948. But the Senator's plea for unity failed with his friends in the Liberal Party, and the minimum of 200,000 Liberal votes that may go to Roosevelt could ruin O'Connor's chances and make Rockefeller a certain winner.

The Liberals, who once were not on speaking terms with Roosevelt because of his public-relations involvement with Rafael Trujillo, saw in his name a chance to retain the "third line" on the ballot now jeopardized by the growing strength of the Conservative Party, which outdrew the Liberals in last fall's New York City election. The semi-official reason given by Liberals for withholding their traditional endorsement of the Democratic candidate is O'Connor's record: as a state senator, he favored censorship, loyalty oaths for teachers, and stricter welfare requirements. That the Liberals have selective memories is indicated by the fact that while O'Connor was establishing this record, their current hero was preparing to work for Trujillo and Robert Kennedy was working for the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's subcommittee.

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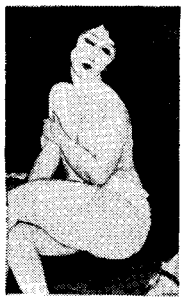

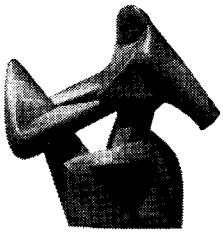

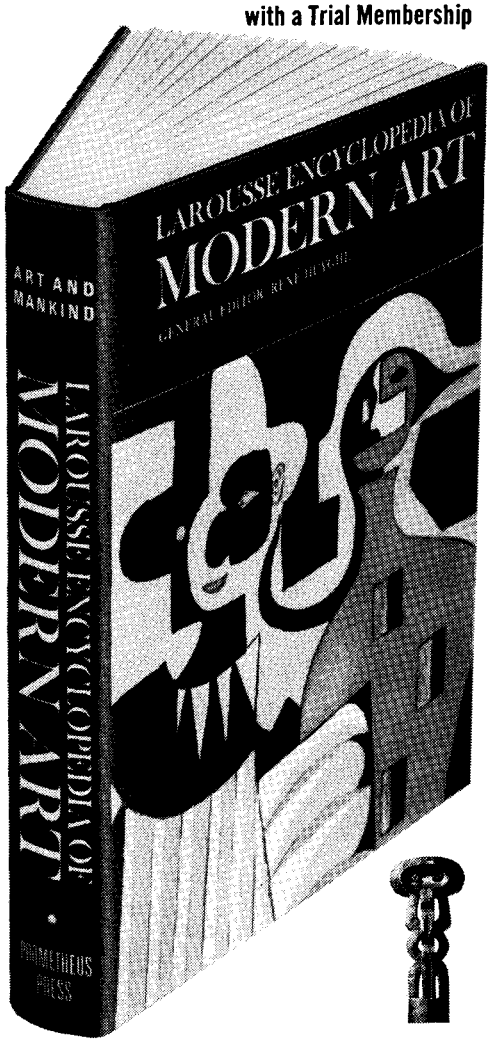

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The Neutrality Belt

On September 1, the Mansfield resolution advocating a substantial reduction of U.S. forces in Europe was made public. At about the same time in the Cambodian capital, President de Gaulle urged as a condition of peace in Indochina that our troops be withdrawn from South Vietnam. According to both proposals, the repatriation of American soldiers was put forth without any suggestion of reciprocity from the Communist side. The Mansfield resolution argued, among other things, that the "relations between the two parts of Europe are now characterized by an increasing two-way flow of trade, people and other peaceful exchange," thereby making it safe to start the one-way flow homeward of our soldiers and weapons. The French President, as usual, was blunt: the Americans should go back to the shores of the Pacific where they came from.

The two documents are strikingly congenial and complementary: they reflect the same concern, shared by many here and abroad, with what is called American overextension. The search for the confines of the nation's design proportionate to its power has led to the resolution unanimously recommended to the Senate by the Democratic Policy Committee. One is surprised to find among the proponents Richard Russell and Stuart Symington. It is less surprising that the resolution bears the name of the Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, who specializes in gloomy pronouncements on momentous policy matters. To those who asked his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson, why he did not take more initiative when Eisenhower was President, his curt reply was: "I have read the Constitution."

General de Gaulle may not be familiar with our Constitution, but he knows the arguments of the anti-administration debaters to perfection. His terse Cambodian speech was redolent with the standard mustiness of Vietnik oratory. He did not even fail to compare Vietnam to Algeria—a comparison for which no Frenchman, and particularly *that* Frenchman, can be forgiven. De Gaulle had to leave to the mercy of Arab nationalism men who, irrespective of their religion or origin, he himself had called Frenchmen. That was the price of the ultimate liquidation of the French empire. In Vietnam, our soldiers are not liquidating or founding any empire; they are not even there as crusaders against Asian Communism but strictly to block its overflow beyond the established boundaries.

To this de Gaulle finds an easy answer in the teach-in handbooks: "Let's draw new boundaries, let's go back to Geneva, and make the whole of Indochina neutral, once the Americans have gone home." The Americans cannot be counted among the guarantors of neutrality once they have been repatriated; neither can the British, whose strength is even less now than in 1954; neither can the French, for there is a limit to what they can get in promoter's fees. The guardians of Indochinese neutrality thus can only be the Chinese, who will then proceed to "neutralize" other Asian lands.

In Western Europe, with France leaving NATO, the British troops on their way out, and the Americans encouraged to follow suit, the Soviet government could be tempted to start moving again. It could, but the holders of power at present seem to be men far less adventurous than Khrushchev. The neutralization of Western European countries offers them abundant prospects of lasting gains obtainable with undramatic means far more effective than those used by their estranged brothers, the Red Chinese.

There are some Western European countries where the line of demarcation between the Communist and non-Communist zones is informal, marked only by the steadiness of election returns, as is the case in Italy and France. In Germany, the line of demarcation is marked by formal borders that both states cannot possibly consider permanent. Yet the two sides of the divided country cannot help communicating by exchanging goods and by the ever-increasing assistance of the wealthier to the poorer. Economic solidarity is stronger than ideological antagonism, and for years it has been supported by the government of the United States.

When the day comes that the two German states become institutionally linked in a more or less loose federation of the two existing governments, German neutrality will be the price the Soviet Union will unconditionally exact. Then the other Western European nations will have no choice.

As to our country, a number of people, Americans and non-Americans, have discovered the evidence of a new isolationism. It is not a particularly brilliant discovery. The danger for us is to find ourselves surrounded by a neutrality belt, a neutrality established around our country by Asian and European Communists, with an assist from quite a few enlightened Americans. The danger is to be not just neutral, but neutralized. The old isolationism was an American policy; the new one would be a convergence of foreigners' policies to which we might have to adjust ourselves.

Only the President has the authority to make it clear to all concerned, from Senator Mansfield to General de Gaulle, that September 1, 1966, was the closing day for silly pronouncements.

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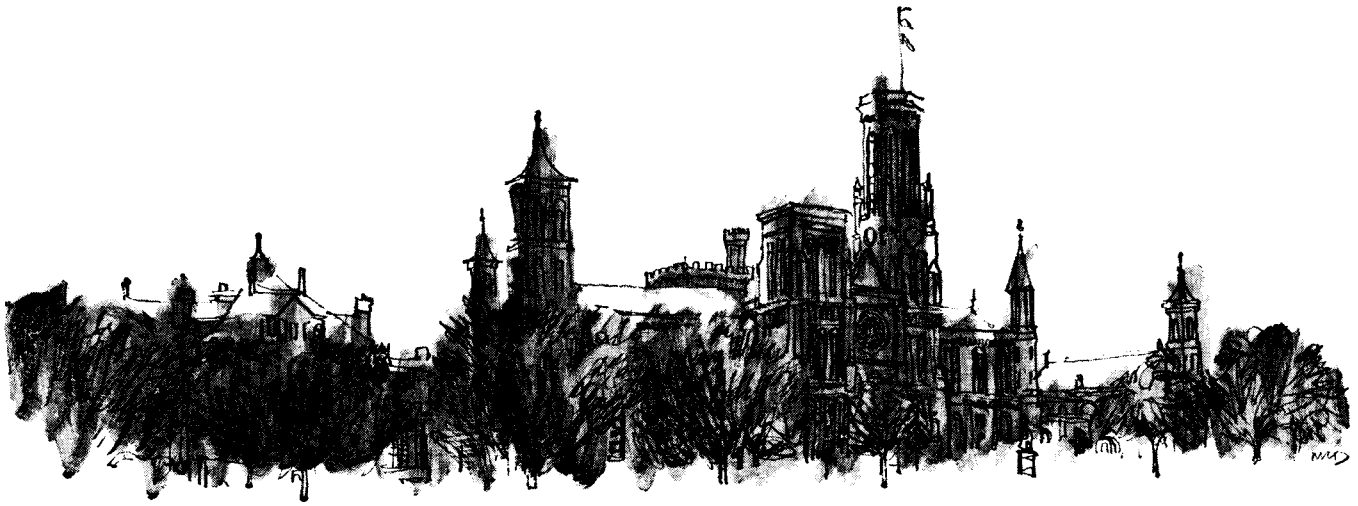

The Politics of Art

MEG GREENFIELD

In Washington, art is sometimes called culture, and it is thought, on the whole, to be good. The sentiment is not new, but its widespread acceptance is new, and so is the growing conviction that Federal government has an important part to play in the artistic life of the nation. In recent years commissions have been appointed, budgets have been increased, and laws have been enacted, all with a view to relieving what has come to be darkly known as "the problem of the arts."

What is the problem of the arts? And what does government propose to do about it? The answers are not easy to come by, partly because of Washington's fondness for broad and loose categories, and partly because there has been an exceptional amount of aimless oratory on the subject. Variously, government has been urged to support the arts for the sake of (1) remedying their financial plight, (2) enhancing its own reputation, (3) combating the rise of juvenile crime, adult leisure, and similar social disturbances, and (4) uplifting the taste of the public before it manages to convert the nation into one vast transcontinental bowling alley. Sometimes, when these matters are under discussion on Capitol Hill, as they were during hearings last spring, one gets the impression from the language employed —"research and development," "success factors," "lead time," "breakthrough"—that whatever the problem of the arts may actually be, Washington plans to solve it with a new weapons system—the Nike-Parnassus, perhaps, or the Helicon-X.

One way and another, of course, the Federal government has been influencing the arts for years. It taxes art; it collects art; it consumes art; and it ignores art—the last of these practices often having the most pronounced effect of all. The General Services Administration, for example, spends an estimated $500 million annually on the construction of buildings around the country, but not until the early 1960's did the GSA put a first-rate architect on the staff of the Commissioner of Public Buildings. Similarly, until quite recently, it was the will of Congress that the Federal government aid in the education of the young almost solely for scientific or defense-related activities, as distinct from the arts and humanities.

Under the new dispensation, some of this has been changed, but such efforts to bring the influence of the arts to bear on government's traditional activities have been overshadowed by two grander purposes. One is to transform the capital itself into a center for the pursuit of the arts and humanities; the other is to establish a program relating the activities of government to the health of the arts in the country as a whole. Both were adumbrated in some tentative moves by President Eisenhower, who supported the idea of a National Cultural Center in the capital and who made occasional unimpassioned requests for a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts. It was during the Kennedy years, however, that interest became intense, studies were undertaken, and the new programs got their impetus from a variety of activities that ranged from the utterly serious to the hopelessly frivolous—from the plans to rebuild the entire heart of the city to the self-congratulatory speeches of certain New Frontiersmen who tended to describe their own effect on the arts much in the way that *Time* had once described what Charles Van Doren was doing for the life of the mind. When he took office, President Johnson adopted and expanded on some of the Kennedy administration's pro-

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posals, and saw them into law. Now, Washington is faced with the task of working out a host of delicate new arrangements between government and art.

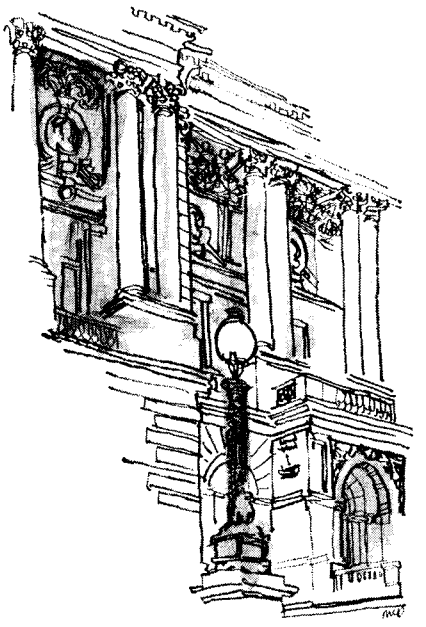
Only the late Jackson Pollock could have faithfully rendered the flow chart of government activity in the arts as it now exists, but the more important elements and personalities in the picture can be identified.

The National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities

The Arts. The Broadway producer and realtor Roger L. Stevens is head of half of the Foundation: the National Endowment for the Arts. It was established by Congress in 1965 to receive and distribute money and advice on behalf of everything from opera and ballet to creative writing, industrial design, television, and sculpture—to mention but a few. Congress's ambition for the Endowment exceeded its generosity, however. It authorized an expenditure of $10 million annually, more than a quarter of which is earmarked for the states and roughly another quarter of which does not become available at all except to match such gifts as may come in from private donors.

Though it is far from the richest part of government's new cultural apparatus, the Endowment has become the focus of every kind of anxiety about the relationship between government and art, as well as the focal point of every kind of political pressure. Stevens has thus been obliged to move with great caution. He must satisfy representatives of all the various arts who believe he has a budget equal to his mandate; he must appease the pork-barreling Congressmen who, in ever greater numbers, have taken to routing their constituents' applications for grants directly from their offices to his; and he must placate would-be beneficiaries in the artistic community, who are not exactly aglow with fellow feeling for the administration at the moment and who, in the best of times, are quick to respond to a minimal assertion of Washington's rights in these matters with charges of police brutality.

Stevens is assisted in threading his way through this morass by a



Presidentially appointed twenty-six-member Council on the Arts, which is composed of such notable private citizens as Isaac Stern, William Pereira, and Paul Engle. Because he is a businessman, his own appointment caused a terrible ruckus in certain circles, being—according to the novelist Philip Roth—"shocking to people in literature, music, and painting." The job, however, requires none of these talents, and Stevens has handled it deftly and discreetly so far.

The Humanities. The same cannot be said of the Humanities Endowment, which got off to a start that was tumultuous and unproductive. Somehow, an invitation originally intended for the president of the University of Minnesota, O. Meredith Wilson, found its way to the Music Man, who accepted membership on the Humanities Council and thereby provoked seventy of the nation's leading musicologists to issue a statement denouncing Lyndon Johnson's sense of values. To add to the fun, the House reduced the Endowment's appropriation for fiscal 1967 to zero, in a rather extreme reaction to the fact that its Council had not met and its officials were thus unable to tell the legislators what they intended to spend the money for. Things are looking up, however. Meredith Willson is said to be doing a useful and enthusiastic job; his quasi namesake has been put on the President's Labor-Management Advisory Committee; Congress has relented and given the Endowment some money to spend; and the permanent chairmanship has finally been assumed by Dr. Barnaby C. Keeney, formerly the President of Brown University. Keeney and his Council, too, are authorized to spend $10 million a year, but half of it must be matched by private gifts.

The Smithsonian Institution

The roof fell in on the Smithsonian's first gallery of art in a fire shortly after the Civil War, and thereafter the Institution settled down to almost a century of concentration on science and museumship of the mustier sort. Still, it remained by law government's official gallery of art; and even after the title was given over to the National Gallery of Art set up to house Andrew Mellon's collection in 1937, Congress expressed its desire that the Smithsonian function as a center for the promotion of the contemporary arts in general and American art in particular. Moreover, because the Smithsonian has long been a favorite of Congress (a number of legislators serve on its Board of Regents), new and presumably vulnerable institutions were given a technical connection with the Smithsonian to protect them from political ill winds. The result was that, at least on paper, the Smithsonian gained jurisdiction over much of government's activity in the arts. Its protectorates include the National Gallery itself, for example, and the highly controversial project that began as the National Cultural Center and is now being completed as the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

For years, the Smithsonian ignored its prerogatives, but all that changed in 1963 with the appointment of the distinguished ornithologist and former director of Yale's Peabody Museum, S. Dillon Ripley, as secretary of the Institution. With rather more zeal than tact, Ripley exhumed the relevant statutes, reasserted parental rights, and managed to frighten officials all over town. He has had jurisdictional disputes with practically everyone (including Stevens), and the Smithsonian and its most distinguished stepchild, the

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National Gallery, are hardly even on speaking terms any more. Nonetheless, Ripley has his admirers who claim that his effect on Washington has been, at the very least, galvanic. It is no accident, as they see it, that following his resounding declaration of intent to make the Smithsonian the capital's (and the nation's) center of American and contemporary art, the poky old Corcoran Gallery suddenly disgorged from its basement a comprehensive survey of American paintings, or that the National Gallery saw fit to relax its so-called "twenty-year rule" in order to make way for some contemporary paintings. The rule required that a painter's works repose in a ground-floor purgatory until twenty years after his death, at which time the board of trustees could decide whether they were fit to ascend to permanent rest on display upstairs. The rule was relaxed for the Picassos in the Chester Dale collection.

It is Ripley, more than anyone else, who embodies the desire to turn Washington into a sort of world center of arts and letters, albeit with the Smithsonian at the center of the center. His current projects include the opening of three new galleries; the establishment of an Institute for Advanced Studies; *son et lumière*, concerts, and conferences in profusion; and even a refurbished zoo, for which his plans seemed so elaborate when presented to Congress that one member felt obliged to remind him that "the public goes out there to see the animals." Ripley, who has described the placement of one of his new galleries next to Blair House as "enormously strategic" since it will promote the nation's cultural image with visiting heads of state and also with "their number four and number five people," speaks a language that Congress appreciates, and it looks kindly on his aspirations: it approved an unusually hefty rise in his budget from $21 million for fiscal 1965 to $31.6 million for fiscal 1967.

The 'Third Force'

This is a phrase sometimes applied to a configuration of people, projects, and committees that includes the First Lady; Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall; the Pennsylvania Avenue Commission; Nathaniel Owings and Gordon Bunshaft of the architectural firm Skidmore, Owings & Merrill; the painter William Walton, who is chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, and a few others. Its primary concern, which often goes by the misleadingly simple name of "beautification," is the rebuilding of the capital itself; and some of the schemes now under consideration would require a combined public and private expenditure sometimes estimated as high as $1 billion. Needless to say, Congress would have to give final authorization for most of these projects. But the so-called "beautifiers" do have varying amounts of money, influence, and authority at their disposal now, and thus are extremely important to the plans and ambitions of others in the sprawling community of government art. This is especially true of Secretary Udall, who has ideas of his own about how the land and buildings under his purview should be used, few of which are in accord with the Smithsonian's plans for expansion. "I tried to point out," Ripley once told Congress after Udall had declined to yield up an 1812 fort he was preserving, "that this is not a very admirable site in terms of American military history, but the Park Service was adamant."

Other Movers and Shakers

In addition to all these participants, there are a number whose activities, though less well known, are of at least equal importance:

Supreme Court Associate Justice Abe Fortas. Mr. Justice Fortas has an abiding interest in the arts and is a long-time confidant of the President, a combination that has led inevitably to his becoming the President's principal adviser and agent in these matters. It was Fortas, for instance, who made the basic decisions about the form the administration's legislative program would take, at a time when there was a great deal of contention among the interested parties. More recently, he served as the President's chief negotiator in the prolonged, quiet proceedings that resulted in the government's acquisition of Joseph H. Hirshhorn's coveted collection of sculpture and paintings. Fortas is a member of the board of trustees of the Kennedy Center and, in an informal capacity, continues to settle disputes and provide policy guidance for the programs he helped to set up.

Kathryn Bloom, Office of Education, HEW. Whereas Stevens and Keeney have between them (in a good Congressional year) $20 million to spend on the arts and humanities, it is calculated that Miss Bloom spent almost $100 million on them last year alone. She is both a director of programs and the special adviser on the Arts and Humanities to the Commissioner of Education. She is herself assisted by aides who correspond, roughly, to the major Muses, and by panels of private consultants she appoints. Her authority derives from numerous statutes enacted in the last few years, dealing with everything from elementary and secondary education to manpower development and job retraining. She may, for example, give fellowships, build theatres, sponsor art exhibits, stock libraries, and train linguists, curators, dancers, and stagehands. An independent-minded woman who came to government by way of the Toledo Museum of Art, where she organized a program to put the museum's resources at the service of local schools, she sat in on the sessions in which the National Endowments were planned and saw to it that the Office of Education was represented in a special section of the act that puts another million dollars at its disposal. "When she walks

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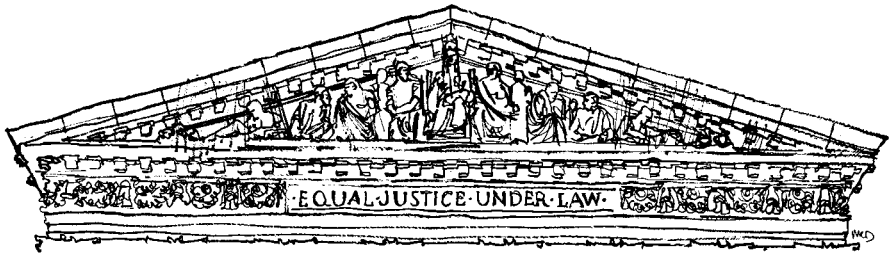
into a meeting," a National Gallery official has remarked, "it's as if the sea suddenly parted." Miss Bloom has recently sponsored joint programs with the National Gallery, the Smithsonian, and the Arts Endowment.

The semi-private sector. The onslaught of angry mail that came into Congressional offices after the House had cut the Endowment budgets attests to the growing strength and organization of what could be called the "culture lobby"—the not quite private world of arts councils, professional leagues, foundations, and fund raisers. Its communicants—when they are not holding a conference somewhere—keep in touch with each other via such media as *Arts Management*, a national news service providing everything from tips on trusts and tax benefits to announcements of forthcoming arts "management seminars." One reason the arts and humanities were stuck together in the Foundation Act (against the will of some spokesmen for each who argued that they would be swamped and/or degraded by the connection) was the administration's desire to take advantage of their combined lobbying potential in Congress. Some organizations, such as the American Association of Museums—on whose council Ripley has served and which once had its office in the Smithsonian—work so closely with government as to be almost a part of it. When the conversation turns to gossip among the people who deal with these things, and it almost invariably does, it is said that all that stands in the way of a Museum Association take-over of the government's new program of museum aid is the money and fortitude of Miss Bloom.



Who's in Charge?

Theoretically, the bridge across all these entities is the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities, composed of an official from each of the leading agencies. However, for a variety of Byzantine reasons, it seems to have been in a state of prolonged recess. The trouble goes back to a floor fight in the House over the composition of the interdepartmental body that had been decided upon as the suitable instrument to oversee the two Endowments. Ripley did not believe that the director of the National Gallery, John Walker, was entitled to membership since he was *—au fond*—a toiler for the Smithsonian, which would be adequately represented by Ripley himself. After an acrimonious exchange between partisans of the two men, a compromise was reached which put Walker on the Federal Council but which made Ripley its chairman. As far as can be discovered, however, the Ripley-led Council has met only once, despite Ripley's continuing efforts to activate it. It has no staff, and its members do not seem very eager for it to acquire one. "They think," as a Smithsonian aide sadly reflected recently, "that it's a power grab."

With or without a functioning Federal Council, however, the conditions are hardly propitious for anyone's grabbing power over the whole range of Federal activity in the arts. By and large, everyone is a member of everyone else's advisory board, each agency has at least one resource at its disposal—be it land, funds, or jurisdiction—that is vital to the success of another's program, and money tends to circulate among them along lines made familiar by the basic air-cooling unit.

Consider the complexities of the Arts Endowment's New Orleans theatre project, an imaginative venture designed to bring first-rate productions of the classics to the schoolchildren of that city. This is the way it works: Stevens, with the advice of his Council and various panels, grants $165,000 to the director, Stuart Vaughan, who sets up a troupe to take to New Orleans. The New Orleans school board makes a request to Miss Bloom, who buys thirty-two weeks of performances at $11,000 a week, to be held in a theatre whose landlord will be paid with private funds raised by the semi-public Louisiana Council for Music and the Performing Arts.

Oddly, the search for genuine weight and power within government's new complex of programs and agencies leads outside government itself to the private world to which it is trying to minister. One of the more surrealistic aspects of the government-art relationship as it has been devised by Congress over the years is that provisions requiring matching funds, private advisers, and similar safeguards against "political control" have often only succeeded in transferring control to another kind of political system—to the givers of money, the bequeathers of gifts, the new bureaucrats of the arts-management world, the interested parties who are called upon for disinterested advice. Both for Ripley, who aspires to bring art to Washington, and for Stevens, who is charged with bringing Washington to the rescue of the arts, the problem is pretty much the same: a shortage of resources so acute as to make them anything but the much-dreaded "imposing Federal presence" in the arts. Indeed, the only thing they have been able to impose on so far is the largesse of others.

Can the Desert Bloom?

At the heart of the situation Ripley is trying to change lies a truth that would discourage a lesser man: Washington is a city that neither produces much home-grown art nor attracts many artists to itself—largely because it is not even a city. Where art is concerned, the resident population—a majority of whom are Negroes—is ministered to by an agency called the D.C. Recreation Board, which is currently requesting the addition to its staff of a "cultural consultant" with the rank of GS-12. For its part, the transient community of politicians and bureaucrats has never shown much interest in building up the capital's meager resources. Washington has a symphony orchestra and several universities that are considered to be second-rank, not much

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theatre, less ballet, and almost no opera. Moreover, where the Federal government has acted, it has often only been to ratify this state of affairs in marble, creating grandiose, monumental institutions that have little to do with the lives of the people who visit them and an even more tenuous connection with the principles of good architecture.

All the more freakish aspects of cultural life in the capital have been brought into focus by the eight-year dispute going on over the Kennedy Center, which has recently brought Ripley into conflict with Stevens, who, among his other duties, is chairman of the project. From its inception, the Center has been troubled by a lack of private patrons and, in the view of many, a lack of public purpose. Only two years after Congress had authorized that it be built as the National Cultural Center, with a combination of public and private resources, the Eisenhower administration had apparently forgotten why it supported the legislation in the first place. Accordingly, the trustees whom Ike had appointed retained the counseling firm of G. A. Brakeley & Co. to refresh their memory as to the object of the Center. Replete with quotations from Martin Luther to the effect that music is valuable and similar assurances from Matthew Arnold on the subject of poetry, the confidential report submitted by Brakeley & Co. declared that failure to complete the project "might delay the cause of culture in the United States by a decade." It had kept "this sobering thought" in mind, Brakeley & Co. continued, in formulating its proposals—one of which was that government create an Academy of the Arts, because "persons elected to membership will be excellent prospects for gifts to the National Cultural Center."

THINGS are more sophisticated in Washington these days, and partly for that reason, the purpose of the Center is more at issue than ever. Without exception, the members of the Pennsylvania Avenue Commission, who drew up a plan for rebuilding the heart of the city, are said to have favored a change in the site of the proposed institution to make its facilities accessible to the city as a whole, but President Kennedy and later President Johnson decided that a disruption of plans at such a late date would create havoc with the fund-raising drive. And, because the board of trustees has still been unable to find a program director for the Center, a program committee chaired by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is trying to figure out what is supposed to go on inside it—even as construction gets under way of Edward Durell Stone's gigantic edifice.

In a "Dear Roger" letter, written last November in characteristically blunt terms, Ripley summed up the critics' discontent. Both the architects' plans and the program committee's guidelines, he observed, gave the impression that the capital was creating yet another "lifeless marble shell." Why were there so few provisions for workshops, exhibits, and educational activities? Why was there no provision for the eventual accommodation of Washington repertory companies? What had the program committee meant

by saying that a "fair" amount of seats should be set aside for the poor? "Do we propose to administer a means test at our ticket windows?" he inquired. The planning of the Center is guarded from public view with a degree of secrecy that must be the envy of Langley, Virginia, but news did dribble into the press this summer that the design had been revised along the lines suggested by Ripley, whose partisans in the ongoing bureaucratic *Kulturkrieg* claimed it as a Smithsonian victory.

Like other of Ripley's victories, however, the principle, for all its worthiness, may be impossible to apply. The discouraging fact remains that there is little available local talent to fill the Center's imposing halls, just as there is little to put into two of the galleries Ripley will soon open. For his new Portrait Gallery, he has been reduced to finding and photocopying likenesses of the people who are described in the *Dictionary of American Biography*. And as might be expected, he and his scouts have also been continually on the prowl to fatten the National Collection of Fine Arts—acquiring pop art from the Philip Morris company, landing as a gift the S. C. Johnson (wax) company's touring collection of contemporary pictures—all in a desperate effort to get the capital with it, as it were.

For all his necessary dependence on the world outside Washington, however, Ripley has learned that when the criticism comes, it is rarely directed against the financial angel whose will was wrought or the expert panelist to whom the choices were farmed out. A while ago there was a squabble as elaborate as it was noisy over the Smithsonian's selection of painters to be shown under its sponsorship at the Venice Biennale. In circumstances considered highly mysterious by many critics, the Smithsonian rejected the first show chosen for it by the Guggenheim Museum and accepted another show chosen by an associate curator of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The critics suggested that the Smithsonian could not raise the private money necessary to transport the first collection offered and had thus accepted the second because the dealers, collectors, and high-powered friends of the painters to be shown promised to provide the required funds. Though everything that was presumed to be sinister about the arrangement traced back to the murderous politics of the New York art world, Washington, as usual, took the heat. The story was told in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, for example, under the title "Enter Government, Exit Art."

The Protectors

If anything, Stevens's mission has been even more profoundly affected than Ripley's by a paucity of resources and a plenitude of outside direction. Indeed, the bogey of Federal control dies so hard that this situation is thought to be more or

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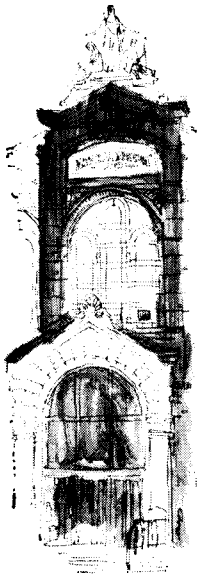
less as it should be. "We should make as few artistic choices as possible," Stevens has said, and the New York *Times* has carried the idea of government's lack of qualification to preside over its own programs even further. Last spring, it castigated a House subcommittee for trying to intervene in artistic affairs "for which it has no basis of judgment." Behind this rather outlandish proposition, which presumes something like a science of art, lies a concept of cultural "expertise" on which many of Washington's new programs are founded. "I would not want to be the man on the floor that said he didn't know Martha Graham was one of the greatest artistic persons of the century," Stevens once told Congress. "Obviously, we can supply background of the leading critics and authors and people interested in the arts in the country documenting this. That is the purpose of our Council; they are a group of experts and we are really what you might say protecting you."

What Stevens has set up by way of decision-making machinery amounts to a cultural fail-safe system. For example, this is the route an application for a grant is likely to take: The grant office scrutinizes the request and passes it on to the appropriate professional staff member, who continues the scrutiny and then decides which of the panels of private consultants should look it over next. When the grant application comes back to the staff member from the panel, the panel may get it back from the staff member with a request for more information about the recommendation that was made. Then the grant applications the panelists approved of are submitted to the twenty-six-member Council—along with those of which it did not approve.

The end result of this labyrinthine process in the first year of the Endowment's operation has been an array of grants and group projects spread thin to meet the Endowment's obligations. Some of the programs have not only been successful but have managed to do double duty, such as an arrangement that put some of the country's better poets —Denise Levertov, Stanley Kunitz— to work in the service of some big-city public schools. Others—and the same is true of the Humanities Endowment—have gone directly to the lobbying powers that be, from the powerful American Symphony Orchestra League to the American Council of Learned Societies. The Arts Endowment has also made emergency grants to such established organizations as American P.E.N. and the American Ballet Theater, to the apprehension of some who suspect that even though the Endowment didn't regard the gifts as the start of a permanent subsidy, the beneficiaries did, and may be expected to have an extremely noisy bout of withdrawal symptoms should the support ever be diminished.



It is still too soon to determine the ultimate direction of the new program, but a number of things are already abundantly clear. To the extent that there is a present danger of "censorship" or "suppression," it proceeds from government's abdication of its own interests rather than from an overzealous application of them. Even the poor D.C. Recreation Board (which was designated the "state agency" for Washington) was torn apart by artistic politics and scandal in doling out some of Stevens's funds; and almost without exception, his troubles have resulted from the passing on of choices to proxies in the art world—a system that only perpetuates the authority of the new art bureaucrats who comprise the "culture lobby" and those others in the world of the arts who have axes to grind—not to mention logs to roll.

Some of the delicate questions Ripley and Stevens have yet to resolve have found resolution elsewhere in government. Thus, the Fine Arts Commission, which must approve plans for governmental and some private buildings in Washington (though not those cooked up on Capitol Hill), is keenly aware of the difference between approving or disapproving plans submitted to it and initiating plans it wants executed. According to the FAC's chairman, William Walton, it is a matter of policy to reject all entreaties from architects to "tell us what you want," because Walton fears the conversion of the Commission into a government academy. In the Office of Education, Miss Bloom has made an equally careful distinction between working with private organizations, such as the Museum Association, and working for them. "I have laws to administer," she says cheerfully, and she does not believe that they authorized her to function simply as a conduit of government money to private organizations. Her quarrel with the Museum Association proceeded from her insistence on retaining control and direction of a national survey on which they were working together.

Probably there are several explanations for the relative ease and assurance with which Walton, Miss Bloom, and a few others are able to carry out their obligations to both government and art. As anyone knows who has ever rested his gaze on much of the Federal government's architectural output or who has considered the quality of the training available in the nation's public schools in both the arts and the humanities, the "problems of the arts" they deal with are in no way spectral or elusive. Nor is there any question of the fitness or legitimacy of government's taking an interest in them: on the contrary it has been, if anything, slow to do so. And more important, they are problems that not only should but possibly even could be partially solved by government. When that happens, it will be real —as distinct from imaginary or ceremonial—proof that Washington cares about art.

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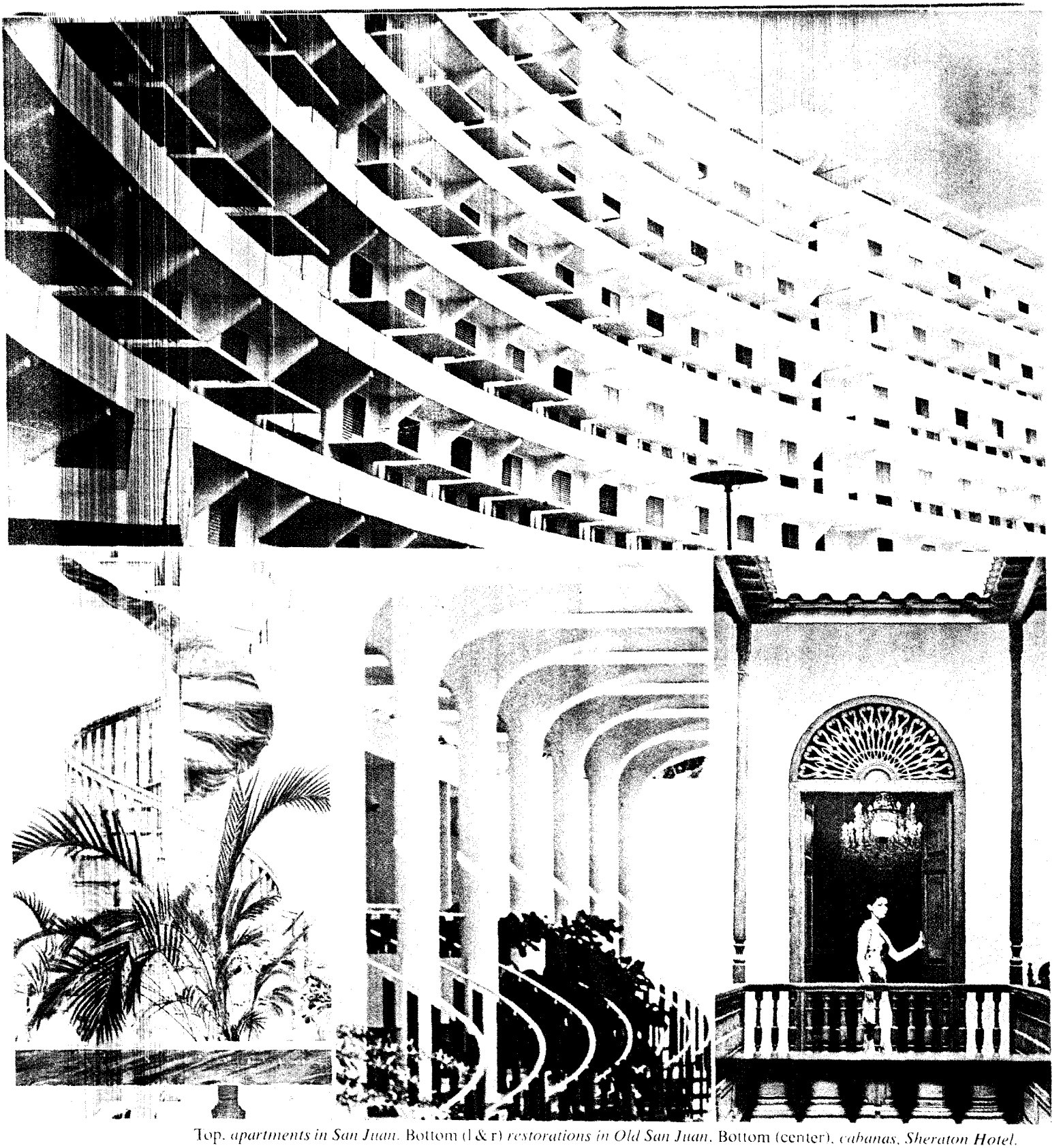

Top, *apartments in San Juan.* Bottom (l & r) *restorations in Old San Juan.* Bottom (center), *cabanas, Sheraton Hotel.*

Puerto Rico gives the Caribbean a new look

This young Commonwealth is adding 20th-century architecture to its tropical beauty—and creating a unique kind of Caribbean island.

Lovers of idyllic tropical islands may boggle at the montage above. Let them be reassured at once.

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The timeless Puerto Rico remains. What is gradually disappearing is the tumbledown shack. The congested hospital. The crowded school.

Now the people of Puerto Rico are developing new industries and earn-

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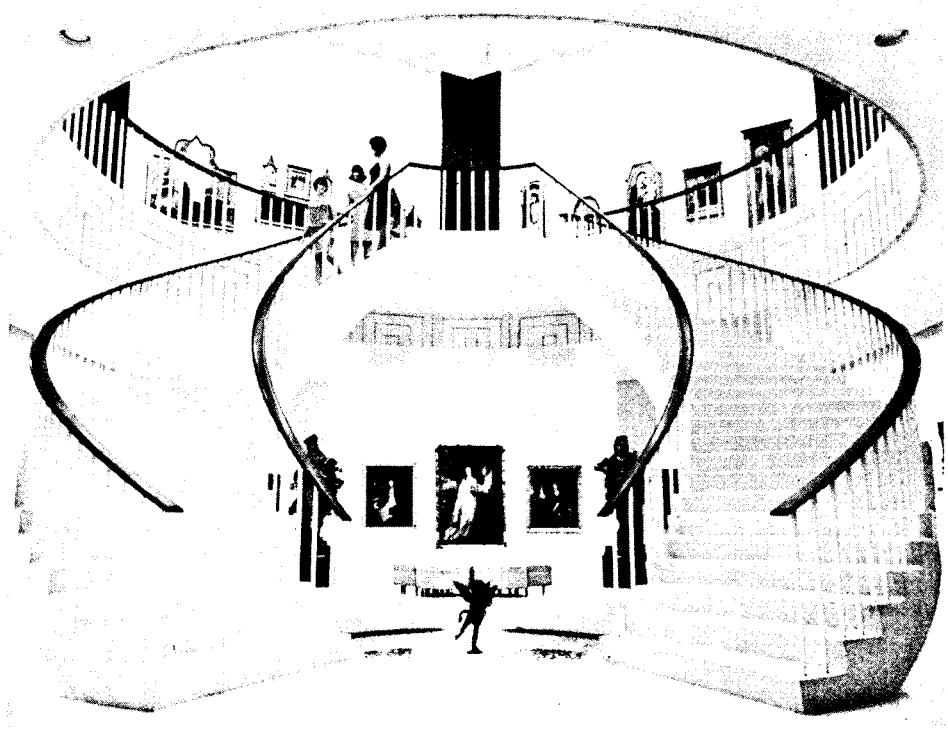

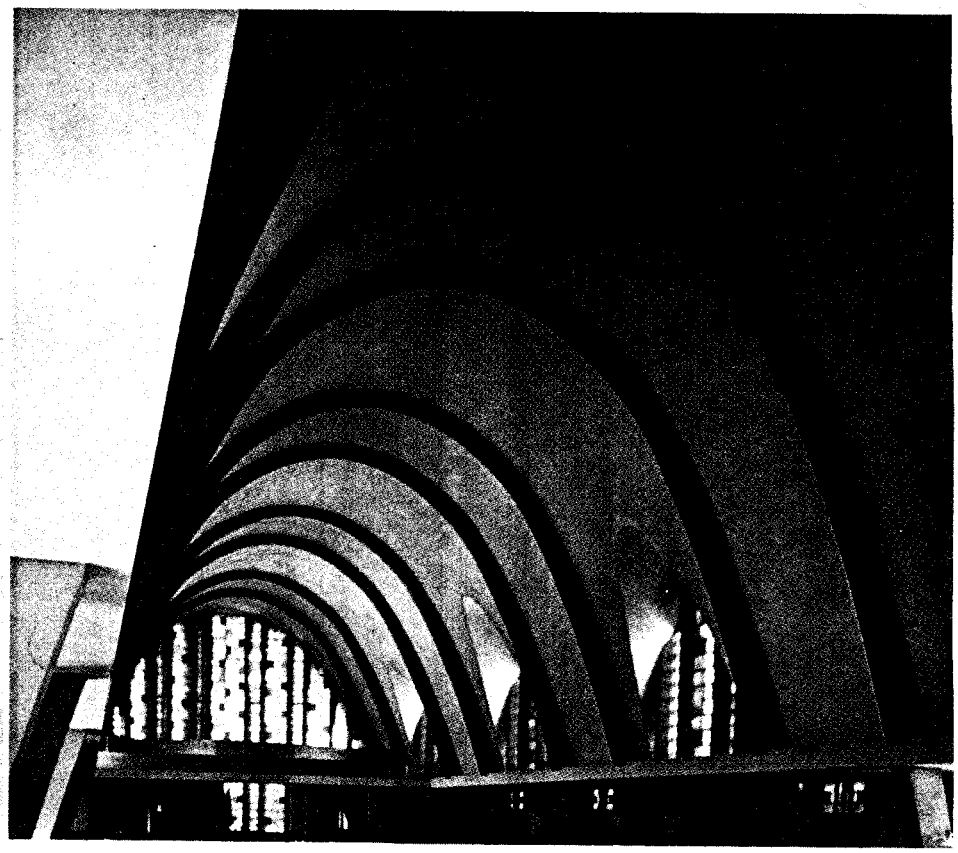

Left, *new medical center, San Juan.* Top, *foyer of new art gallery in Ponce.* Bottom, *university chapel, Ponce.*

ing a chance to live in modern apartments. To send their children to spacious schools and colleges. To work in efficient offices. To spend their leisure time enjoying the beaches and mountains.

Even the exquisite colonial homes in Old San Juan are not merely surviving—they are being *restored.*

Puerto Rico is creating a new kind of Caribbean island—where gleaming skyscrapers share the skyline with palm trees, and the tempo of a big city balances the lulling surf.

Other Caribbean islands have cast admiring glances at Puerto Rico's transformation, and the remarkable self-help program that is bringing it about—"Operation Bootstrap."

Recently, these Caribbean nations got together with Puerto Rico to set up their own "bootstrap." Now this scrubbed and sunlit Commonwealth is playing a leading role in helping other Caribbean islands acquire a new look.

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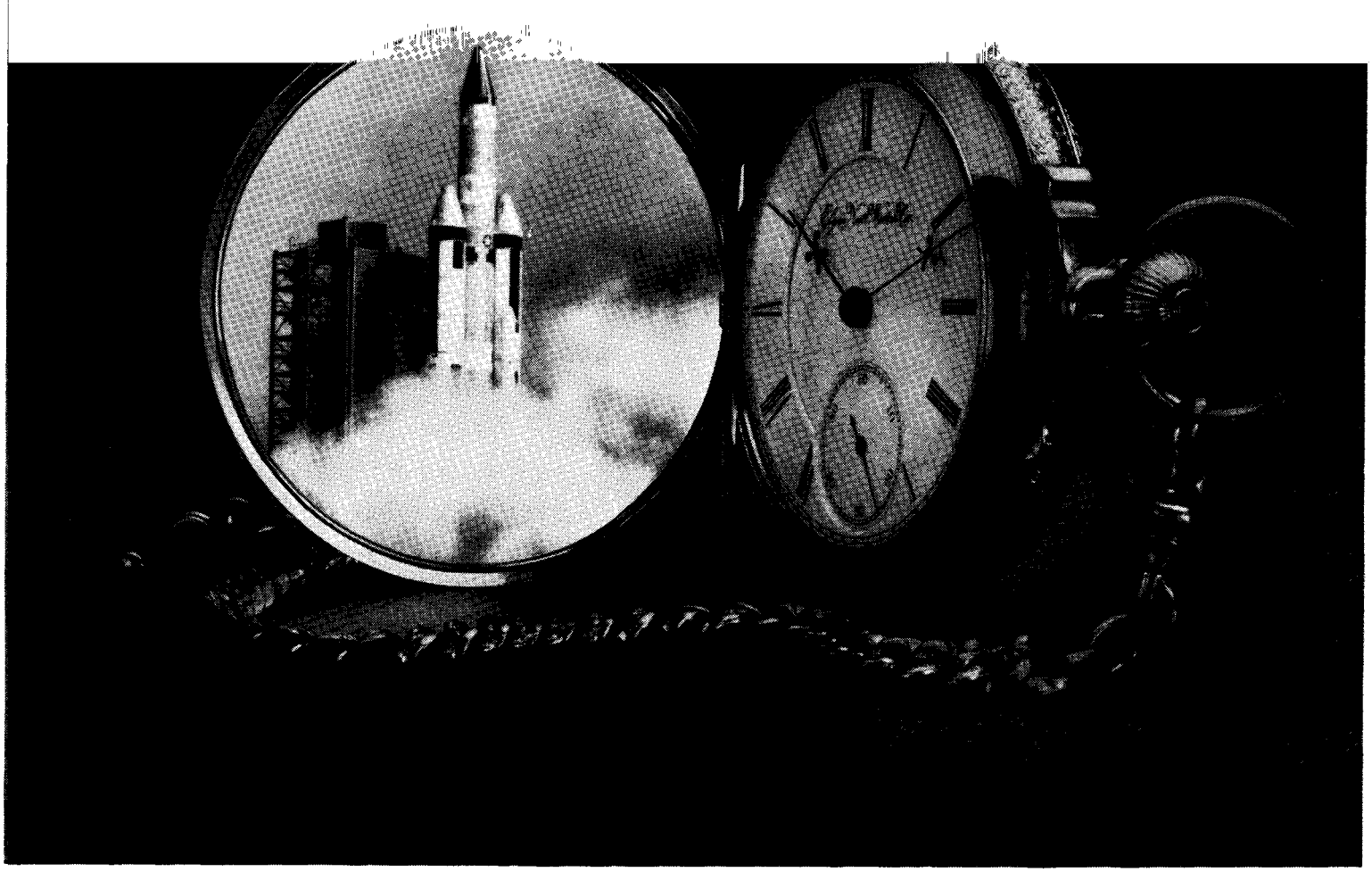

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China Leaps—Where?

ROBERT S. ELEGANT

HONG KONG

THE SHIP was a nautical monstrosity, more than half as wide as she was long, bluff-bowed and pinch-sterned. Her ponderous superstructure seemed about to topple into the green waters of Hong Kong harbor. Steel bars faced her layer cake of decks to confine hundreds of pigs. She was also a floating political billboard, with slogans plastered across her bridge proclaiming *Lift High the Banner of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung and Advance with Courage!* and *Long Live the Communist Party of China! Long Live Chairman Mao!* At her stern flapped the crimson ensign of the People's Republic of China.

The Chinese Communists can be most punctilious in their dealings with the outside world, and they are pathologically wary of inviting ridicule. Never before this year had they flouted maritime protocol by painting propaganda on vessels visiting foreign ports. But this year in China is wholly different from any of the previous sixteen years of the Communist régime. The dogmatists who rule the People's Republic have never before been so fearful for their power, and the degree of their insecurity is demonstrated by the violence of their response. They have bypassed the Communist Party apparatus, purged it of a galaxy of ranking leaders, and removed from office scores of senior specialists in every field.

They have denounced all abstract learning except the canonical *Thought of Mao Tse-tung* and decreed that the entire nation must be "one vast school" in which seven hundred million Chinese will absorb that doctrine. Formal higher education has been suspended for six months. When it is resumed, the length of courses will be sharply curtailed and a shrunken core of technical subjects will be the chief content of formal education at all levels. There will, however, be no limit to the time devoted to *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung*—"the bright sun that illuminates the entire world." So that students will comprehend that ideology in their bones and muscles, they are to devote half their waking hours to physical labor "among the masses."

A new nationwide framework of subcommittees, committees, and Representative Assemblies, distinct from existing party, governmental, and mass organs, has been created to administer the movement Peking calls the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Their function is still vague, though their powers will be great. What has become clear, however, is that the prime mover of the most sweeping campaign Communist China has known is the armed forces. From isolated farming villages in the barren hills of Shensi to Peking itself, the military are all-intrusive and all-officious. The Communist Party has affirmed that the "coercive organs of the state" must be its chief instrument for the foreseeable future, and this means the army.

ABOVE THE RUMBLE of repression sounds the call to one more convulsive effort. A new Great Leap Forward, as ambitious as the one that compounded disaster from 1958 to 1960, is seeking to quicken the pace of agricultural and industrial production. The Maoist compulsion toward the perfection of society has reappeared. The chief internal goal is to eliminate all distinctions between intellectual and physical labor, between the cities and the countryside, between soldiers and civilians—and, as far as is possible biologically, between males and females. Only thus can the hierarchy utterly destroy the "monsters, ogres, and bourgeois, so-called savants," who oppose extremist policies. The chief external goal is the extension of Maoist civilization to the entire world through military and political assaults of "people's war."

The tension evident in China today is unmatched even in the constant alternation of extreme pressure and partial relaxation by which the Communists rule the country. For

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the first time, they are warning of "a revival of capitalism" through a "well-organized, well-planned conspiracy" of bourgeois elements who have infiltrated their ranks. The dominant faction in the party has reacted violently because it has been shaken by the strength of internal opposition to its control and by an unprecedented personal criticism of Mao Tse-tung himself, who has been characterized as "garrulous, erratic, opinionated, and aloof," a paranoid personality, suffering from "an incurable disease."

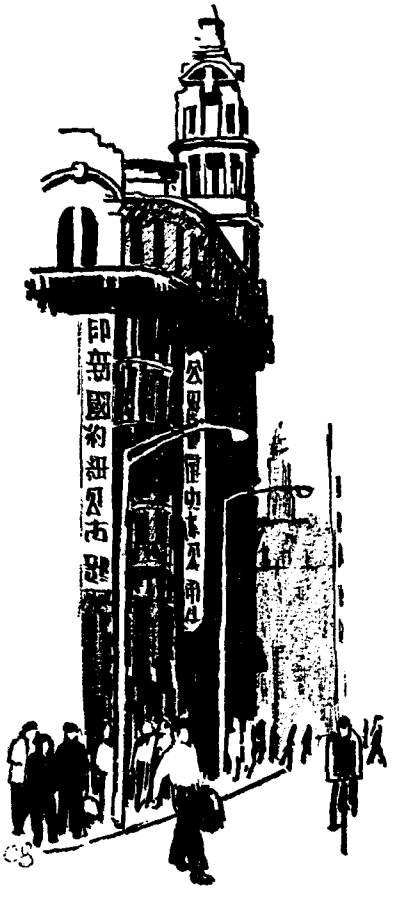
Mao's image is still dominant, but he has never quite regained the prestige he lost with the spectacular failure of the first Great Leap Forward and the People's Communes, his design for Utopia. If he had attained his grandiose goals, he might have been cursed for his ruthlessness but still respected for his success. However, the utter chaos he contrived not only lost Mao his aura of infallibility but also subjected him to mocking contempt. Neither the most searching purge of the party nor some of the most extravagant adulation ever tendered a living ruler can now restore Mao's demi-divinity.

There is much speculation among China watchers here on the state of Mao's health and the extent of his personal control over recent events. The variations of opinion among qualified analysts demonstrate the elusiveness of the truth. Not long ago I discussed the subject with two diplomats who receive information from their respective embassies in Peking. The first was convinced that Mao had engineered the purge to expose his enemies; the second cited discrepancies in official reports of Mao's recent activities and demanded: "How can anyone believe that the fat Mao Tse-tung who received the Crown Prince of Nepal in June is the same man as the emaciated Mao who saw the Afro-Asian writers in July?" He concluded darkly: "And I'm not so sure that either of them was really Mao Tse-tung!"

On balance, it appears that Mao suffers physical debilities not remarkable in a chain smoker approaching seventy-three who has led an arduous life, and that his absence from public view from late last November to mid-May was probably due to serious illness. In any event, Mao—either from his sickbed or upon rising from it—seems to have thrown his authority behind the ultra-orthodox faction in its struggle with the more moderate and realistic element in the Communist Party. It also appears that Mao is not in day-to-day control.

Lin Takes Command

The most experienced analysts here hold that Mao has been deliberately "transformed into a celestial being." As one China scholar put it, "Mao has been lifted so high that he can no longer interfere in mundane affairs." Almost all the administrative power—and a good deal of the pres-



tige—of the chairman has passed to the fifty-nine-year-old First Vice Premier and Defense Minister Lin Piao, a field marshal until formal ranks were abolished in mid-1965 and the only man who is accorded an adulation approaching Mao's. It is not Mao's own words that dominate the present cultural revolution, but Lin Piao's "creative application" of Mao's teachings. Chinese foreign policy is based upon Lin's doctrine of the countryside's conquering the cities of the world. The Anti-Japanese Political and Military Academy, which Lin founded in 1937 and controlled thereafter, is today cited as the model for the "great school" of *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung* that all China must become. Much additional evidence bears out the general conclusion that Lin Piao will be Mao's successor, despite persistent ill-health dating back to wounds suffered in 1937.

At two recent public rallies of nearly two million chanting adolescents, a figure identified as Mao appeared in army uniform and bowed to the assembled masses. But in both cases Lin Piao addressed the throng "on behalf of Chairman Mao," and the Mao figure said not a single word of significance. Lin spoke in the accents of the complete master, his assumption of command beyond mistaking.

Some of the old names have disappeared or dropped sharply in the listing of the party hierarchy. Most startling was the relegation of the Chairman of the People's Republic, Liu Shao-chi, from second to eighth place. Liu appears to have been downgraded because of persistent friction with the generals now dominant and because Lin Piao has supplanted him as Mao Tse-tung's chief protégé. The indestructible Premier Chou En-lai, always content to be the executive for whoever was China's master, remained in third place. Two old servants of the party moved abruptly to the summit. Tao Chu, the sixty-year-old satrap of south-central China, was raised to fourth place and is now directing the party's Propaganda Department. Chen Po-ta, sixty-two, who was for a number of years Mao's "political secretary," has been named to the all-powerful Politburo and is heading the "group within the Central Committee directing the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution."

The truly significant aspect of the new list of twenty-one Politburo members and alternates is the infusion of soldiers. Seven of the ten men who were field marshals before formal ranks were abolished last year are now members of that body, three of them newly elevated. In addition, at least three other men

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whose primary concern is with military affairs are now members. They stand for greater coercion at home and for intensification of "people's wars of liberation" abroad. The temper of the new rulers as they struggle to consolidate their power has produced some curious effects.

The Red Guard and the Party

The passing of Mao Tse-tung from an active role in the administration of the "People's China" he had created has been marked by a vicious assault upon the institutions he set up to rule the country. Both the Communist Party and the People's Government have been bypassed by the new "revolutionary organizations" created by Lin Piao.

The most dramatic of these organizations is the Red Guard, millions of power-intoxicated high-school and college students released from classes for six months to rampage throughout the country. The others are the small groups, committees, and Representative Assemblies of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution called into being by a sixteen-point directive of the party's Central Committee, which met last month for the first time in almost four years.

The Red Guards are alternately encouraged and checked by their master, Lin Piao, who commands them as deftly as he once deployed armies of millions against the crumbling forces of Chiang Kai-shek. Their avowed purpose is to "destroy the four olds: the old culture, the old thinking, the old habits, and the old customs." Their calculated effect has been to terrorize all Chinese who have not given themselves utterly to the new revolution.

The Red Guards, hastily created, were soon institutionalized under Lin as a "permanent revolutionary organization, tightly organized and disciplined... and the powerful reserve force of the People's Liberation Army." The groups, committees, and assemblies of the Cultural Revolution have not yet emerged from the deliberate obscurity that surrounds their activities. But it is evident that both organizations were designed to supplant the conventional center of power in the government and the party. The old structures were, in Lin Piao's words, infested with "men who have wormed their way into power in the party but are taking the capitalist road." The present Communist Party was itself put on notice that it must conform to Lin's decrees or face annihilation. The new revolutionary organizations were specifically empowered to assume the functions of "local party committees and higher-level party committees" that failed to heed the "will of the revolutionary masses," i.e., Lin's will.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is now directed at nothing less than the leveling of the tenacious Chinese civilization that has survived even the past seventeen years of Communist control. If the old China would not obey him, Lin was

determined to raze it and create a new nation and a new people who would bow to his will. He was moved largely by the need to consolidate his own power but also by the vision he shares with Mao Tse-tung of a new and perfect Chinese society, consisting of unstained "new, Communist men," which will be the model of a new world.

Aside from a tactical skill that is as impressive in intraparty intrigue as it is on the battlefield, Lin Piao's chief qualification for his undeniable pre-eminence is the manner in which he has made the badly divided People's Liberation Army a "shining exemplar of the living study and living utilization of *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung*." What is now called the life-and-death struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat has for years been most acute in the armed forces, where, Peking has just revealed, there have been three "class struggles." The policies at issue have not varied greatly from the first "struggle" in 1953-1954 to the latest, which occurred within the past year. In the first instance, a number of generals strenuously protested against use of their men as "the shock troops of production" and as a super police force. They demanded modern weapons and the opportunity to train their troops free of the distractions of thought reform, industrial or agricultural production, and the constant intrusions of political commissars. They submitted that they could not be responsible for the defense of China against the attacks an adventurous foreign policy invited if their troops were no better armed and trained than guerrillas. The dogmatists replied: "Politics must command. . . . man, not weapons, is the determining factor in modern warfare."

These purely professional objections later led to broad criticism of the party's extremist conduct of economic, political, and social affairs. In December, 1958, at the height of the first Great Leap Forward, the generals moved again to force Mao's resignation as Chairman of the People's Republic. He was to be limited to elaborating theory as chairman of the party. But Mao rallied to crush this "bourgeois revolt," and in September, 1959, Defense Minister-Field Marshal Peng Teh-huai was replaced by Lin Piao, and Peng's chief of staff of the People's Liberation Army was replaced by Lo Jui-ching, a professional security policeman.

MOUNTING EVIDENCE of the failure of the Great Leap Forward and the fiasco of the People's Communes again encouraged the revival of criticism. During the relaxation of intellectual and economic repression essential to restore the Chinese economy and the Chinese government to adequate if not full functioning, the pragmatists once more became volu-

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ble. The armed forces, even though undergoing complete remolding in the hands of Lin Piao, continued to be a major center of resistance to doctrinaire extremism, and Lo Jui-ching, the policeman appointed to preside over the purge of the armed forces, was himself convinced by the arguments of the professionals. He has now been relieved, as, apparently, has Hsiao Hua, who was made chief political commissar of the army in 1964.

There was good reason for the armed forces staunch resistance to the hallucinatory policies of the dogmatists. Like factory managers who gauge efficiency by productivity, the generals possessed an objective standard by which to measure reality against the party's visions. They knew beyond question that their forces were inferior to their potential enemies'. Unlike the managers, the generals controlled a center of power upon which the politicians depended and which could, conceivably, act independently of the party.

The military may have been the nucleus around which the protesters clustered, but the most trenchant criticism of extremism came from men occupying senior positions in the party's cultural, propaganda, and economic departments. The attacks began to increase in 1961 and did not subside until they and their authors were forcibly put down this spring. The critics included the sixth-ranking man in the Communist hierarchy, the director and deputy directors of the party's Propaganda Department, the former editor of the official Peking *People's Daily*, the country's ranking theoretical economist, senior university presidents and professors, and a majority of China's most respected writers—all veteran members of the Communist Party. Almost 150 such men have been purged for daring to assess China with the eye of logic rather than through the crimson spectacles of *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung*. They have been punished for their courage, but there is little evidence that they acted in concert as part of the conspiracy the dogmatists discerned.

THE CHIEF criticisms of the régime fall into a number of general categories:

On Mao Tse-tung: A Shanghai dramatic critic declared: "Mao's words are nauseatingly stale. . . . the great divinity stretches out his giant despotic hand, grasping all, and then uses a knife to cut everything to bits indiscriminately." The president of Yunnan University derogated the study of Mao's works on the ground that "Students are busy as the devil but gain nothing." A Kiangsu professor asked with Confucian rhetoric: "If the ruler cannot feed the people, they face starvation and lose all virtue. When virtue is gone, what then is left?"

The most persistent attacks came from Teng To, a former editor of the Peking *People's Daily*, the organ of the party's Central Committee, and director-in-chief of the various journals published by the Peking Municipal Committee of the Com-

munist Party. Teng's published complaints were ostensibly directed at incompetent bureaucrats, but the dogmatists have charged that his real target was Mao Tse-tung when he wrote:

"Some people are always boastful and conceited; they look down on the masses and make all decisions themselves in the hope of achieving success with their own original ideas, while rejecting good advice. If such people do not recognize and overcome their shortcomings, they will suffer heavy reverses."

Teng called his essay "Amnesia," but he was clearly writing about insanity—and, the dogmatists insisted, about Mao:

"Such a patient . . . often displays symptoms like going back on his word and failing to keep faith. Others may suspect that he is only feigning idiocy and therefore distrust him. . . . The patient not only suffers from loss of memory but gradually becomes capricious . . . irritable and finally goes mad and runs amok. . . . He must promptly take a complete rest, saying nothing and doing nothing, for if he insists upon speaking and acting, the gravest consequences will follow."

On foreign affairs: The critics struck at the roots of Maoist policy toward the outside world. They argued, above all, that China was in no position to sponsor a worldwide revolution through "people's wars" conducted by guerrillas. They wished to reduce such foreign aid and they sought a rapprochement with both the Soviet Union and the West. They persistently contended that China's internal problems and military weakness made Mao's foreign policy criminally perilous.

On economic and social measures: The Great Leap Forward and the People's Communes, the dissidents maintained, bore no relation either to China's capabilities or to its needs. One Shanghai literary critic called the Great Leap "empty phrases and braggadocio, encouraging only emotions at a high pitch." The People's Communes, which sought to create an "entirely new human being in an entirely new social environment," were dismissed as hallucinations.

During the period of relaxation, economists argued that the peasants should be given more land to till for their own profit and should be allowed to sell their produce in free markets. They argued that personal incentives were necessary to increase industrial production and that effective cost accounting was essential to assess the efficiency of economic enterprises. They even proposed that control of such enterprises should be decentralized and that each should be held responsible for its own profits and losses.

These mild proposals for introducing some economic logic into China's chaotic production and marketing systems have now been rejected as "a deliberate attempt to restore capitalism."

On culture, art, and education: Kuang Ya-ming, president of Nanking University, wrote: "China has been liberated for more than ten years, and we have not been able to produce a single good professor. . . . A good professor returning from the United States was skilled in both teaching and research." Kuang at-

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tacked the thesis which holds that it is more important to be politically Red than technically expert, and he declared that the half-work, half-study plan for education, combined with constant political indoctrination, made students no more than ignorant and exhausted dolts, regurgitating political slogans.

Writers complained that all inspiration had been stifled by the commissars' orders to concern themselves only with heroic workers, soldiers, and peasants. They felt that literature had become "dry and meaningless." Professional propagandists complained that the works produced under the absolute directive that all literature must be immediately useful to the revolution were unreadable.

The Counterattack

The dogmatists became apprehensive under this barrage of criticism. They concluded that the preservation of socialism and the eventual transition to Communism were both imperiled by the growing strength of their "revisionist, bourgeois" enemies. The counterattack started with a few scattered shots last November, when Mao disappeared, and mounted rapidly to the present bombardment.

The stalwarts of orthodoxy began by attacking two veteran party members who were also respected playwrights and, it later appeared, critics of dogmatism. Their historical plays on rulers alienated from the people were denounced as direct affronts to Mao Tse-tung and veiled attacks on the régime.

Using the tactics they later ascribed to their enemies—"waving Red flags to oppose Red flags"—the dogmatists supporting Lin Piao ordered four party spokesmen, who were themselves subsequently purged, to intensify the attack. Lu Ting-yi, director of the Communist Party's Propaganda Department, and Chou Yang, his deputy, warned that literature and journalism were falling prey to "bourgeois influences" like those that had moved the writers of the Hungarian Petöfi Club to sponsor a counter-revolution. Hsiao Hua, the army's chief political commissar, spoke of the need to stress politics rather than professionalism in the armed forces, and Peng Chen, chief of the party's Peking Municipal Committee and sixth-ranking man in the hierarchy, issued a blanket warning to dissidents.

With the army's organ, the *Liberation Army Daily*, in the forefront, the assault became intense in April. Its chief target was the Peking Committee, an organization which, the paper charged, had become the refuge of "a counter-revolutionary black gang of monsters with the spirits of oxen and ogres with the souls of snakes." Early in June, the entire Peking Committee was removed from office, and within a few days the administration of Peking University, China's premier institution of learning, was purged. Riotous demonstrations on campus and in the heart of Peking greeted the "splendid victory of *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung*." Later shock waves eliminated journalists, economists, managers, novelists, and educators throughout China in the most thorough purge of the upper levels of the party in the régime's history.

July and early August saw the peak. The installation of a new command in the army was revealed, and the party turned its attention to consolidating the "victory" by the promulgation of sweeping measures designed to build the ideal China.

The 'New Man'

The dogmatists have already avowed that their first purpose is nothing less than the destruction of "all the old ways of thought, the old habits,

customs, and manners created by bourgeois and feudal exploiting classes to poison the people." Only such a complete leveling can clear the site for the erection of the ideal structures they envision. The goals sought and the methods to be employed have just been outlined in general terms in a brief statement attributed to Mao Tse-tung and in a formal directive of the Central Committee.

The economic upheaval has already begun. The new Great Leap Forward will, once again, be based upon the mass manual labor of hundreds of millions of unenthusiastic Chinese. All precedents are to be discarded, the lessons of China's own hard and practical experience equally with that of Russia and the West. The hallowed *Thought of Mao Tse-tung* is the only guidance valid in the new era, and nothing is impossible to him who is inspired by it.

The Chinese people themselves are to be completely "remolded." Every Chinese individual is to become a perfect "new man" perfectly adapted to "the era of Mao Tse-tung"—or is to be discarded. The dogmatists are now determined to create a seamless uniformity in which the countryside will be indistinguishable from the cities and every man and woman will be not only a perfect Communist but also a universal worker who combines the capacity for and the practice of intellectual labor with the capacity for and the practice of manual labor. The new man must, for example, be at once a farmer and a soldier, a student and a machinist. He must also be a revolutionary whose every action is based upon the sanctified *Thought of Mao Tse-tung*. Only when that perfect human being has been produced will the class struggle cease.

The charge that there are still "quite a number" of enemies at all levels in the Communist Party dramatizes the intensity of the opposition the extremists face. The persistence of criticism, indeed its upsurge in recent years, demonstrates that a hard core of stubborn and practical men with the courage of their convictions has survived and may endure within the party.

Each previous period of doctrinaire excess in China has been followed by a period of relaxation. If the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is in truth the grand climacteric it now appears to be, it may be followed by an extended period in which China, still Communist but no longer obsessed, will begin to adjust its policies to the realities of its internal resources and its external capabilities.

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Will California Stand Pat?

JULIUS DUSCHA

CALIFORNIANS are tired of Pat Brown, and nearly eight years of power squabbles have sapped the state's Democratic Party of much of its strength. These are the principal reasons why Republican Ronald Reagan had a sizable lead over Brown in early public-opinion polls on the race for governor and why Brown, always a slow starter, has had to come from much further behind than in his two previous campaigns. By Labor Day, the polls showed that Brown had reduced Reagan's lead to three per cent. At that point in the 1962 campaign, when he was being challenged by Richard M. Nixon, Brown was ahead by the same margin. In September, 1958, Brown led William F. Knowland by nearly two to one. Both years, Brown won easily. At a time and place and in a campaign where "image" counts so heavily, Edmund G. Brown has a face that blends with the crowd, an unremarkable manner, and a dull speaking voice. Reagan has none of these drawbacks—though he has no record and no clear program, either. But Brown's principal weakness stems from his party, not from his personality.

There are still three registered Democrats in California for every two Republicans, but the figures are deceptive. The California Democratic Party is in reality four parties—the liberals of the California Democratic Council (CDC), the Brown loyalists, the Unruh "power brokers," and the Yorty insurgents. Yapping at the liberals is the New Left, which has shown it can turn out enough voters to be troublesome to the Democrats. Out beyond the Yorty insurgents is the radical Right, which attracts both Democratic and Republican voters.

If Reagan defeats Brown, the Republicans will owe their victory as much to the Democratic split as to a new surface unity in their own party and the neo-conservatism that helped them elect George Murphy to the Senate in 1964. The Democrats have become so used to power that they have fallen to bickering among themselves rather than uniting behind the sixty-one-year-old Brown in his bid for a third term. Only Earl Warren, a Republican, has been elected governor three times in California.

War and the Left

The Democratic Council members, the uncompromising left wing of the party, seem to be more interested this year in protesting the war in Vietnam than in lining up support for Brown. Moreover, many have not forgiven Brown for his role last winter in ousting their president, Si Casady, because of his outspoken opposition to the war. The CDC, therefore, cannot be counted on to work up the enthusiasm for Brown this fall that it did in 1958 and 1962.

Brown's problems with the CDC are compounded by the strength of the New Left. Opposition to the Vietnam war appears to be more widespread in California than in other states, and Brown's firm support of the President's Vietnam policy has alienated him from many in his own party. In the June Democratic primary, Robert Scheer, an editor of *Ramparts* magazine, frightened the liberals by polling forty-five per cent of the vote against one of their own, Representative Jeffrey Cohelan, whose district includes the university community of Berkeley and the city of Oakland. Scheer was running on a New Left platform that included opposition to the war and demands for more anti-poverty funds.

Cohelan found it expedient to shy away from close identification with the administration, but he sought and used extensively a televised endorsement from Robert Kennedy. Less than a month after the primary, the Los Angeles *Times's* State Poll showed that California Democrats would vote for Kennedy over Johnson by a margin of two to one in a Presidential primary. Some of Brown's aides were relieved to learn in July that the President had decided to pass up the chance to address the National Governors' Conference this summer in Los Angeles, where he had been expected to endorse Brown in person.

The New Left will hold a statewide conference from September 30 to October 2 in Los Angeles to determine its strategy in the November elections. Its leaders have urged a boycott of the governor's race.

BROWN LOYALISTS are an amalgam of moderates, businessmen for whom politics is a practical matter, and Californians who simply feel comfortable with the earnest, hard-working Brown. There is much evidence, however, that they have lost their touch. During the Republican primary, for example, Brown strategists Don Bradley and Hale Champion saw to it that Reagan's opponent, former Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, was

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hit so hard with old charges involving violations of milk-price regulations by his dairy that Reagan picked up considerable strength. The Democratic strategy was to make certain that Reagan won the primary, but the dimensions of his two-to-one victory helped to unite the Republican Party and hurt Brown's chances.

The Democrats led by Speaker of the Assembly Jesse M. Unruh would not have made such a mistake. The Unruh faction, nicknamed the "power brokers," understands power better than the other groups in the party; and except for Brown, Unruh is the most important Democrat in the state. His allies are state legislators who depend on him for political favors, lobbyists who need him on their side to get legislation through the Assembly, and representatives of a broad range of interests who know that Unruh is one of the few power centers in a state where political influence has been notoriously diffused over the years.

Unruh, who wants to be governor some day, is not only Brown's chief Democratic rival but also his nominal campaign manager. "Big Daddy" Unruh has access to large campaign funds, and he has become adroit at killing off potential rivals to his gubernatorial ambitions. Two years ago he lured former White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger into the senatorial primary against State Controller Alan Cranston, founder of the Democratic Council. Salinger beat Cranston, but then Unruh deserted Salinger and George Murphy defeated the unlucky Pierre that November. This year Unruh encouraged Lloyd Hand, the former State Department protocol chief, to come into the primary to make certain that Tom Braden, a newspaper publisher, would not take the nomination for lieutenant governor away from the incumbent, Glenn Anderson. It was Anderson who, as acting governor when the 1965 Watts riots started, delayed calling out the National Guard. Braden and Hand split the anti-Anderson vote, and Anderson won renomination.

Brown's defeat would remove the principal obstacle to Unruh's political ambitions, but Unruh would not be able to escape his share of the blame. Most Democrats seem to feel that Unruh cannot afford to sit this one out, even though another term for Brown would hardly enhance the chances for Unruh—or any other Democrat—four years from now. Any party that holds a governorship for twelve years is pushing its luck. On the other hand, Unruh's chances to become governor in 1970 might improve considerably if in the meantime Californians had savored four years of Reagan Republicanism.

The Yorty Challenge

The Yorty insurgents face many of the problems that confront Unruh and his friends. Mayor Samuel W. Yorty of Los Angeles challenged Brown in the primary and got almost a million votes. This impressive showing was attributed to Yorty's independence and aggressiveness, to dissatisfaction with Brown, to a growing conservatism in the state, and—most important of all—to the white backlash from the Watts riots. Yorty's support of the Los Angeles police force during and since the rioting has made him a hero to many whites, and Robert Kennedy's caustic criticism of Yorty's stewardship as mayor at Senate hearings last month unquestionably bolstered his standing with conservatives.

To divine Yorty's future course is difficult. Despite the bitter things he said about Brown in the June primary campaign, he could very well change his late-summer coyness to lukewarm support for the governor. In 1968 he may take on moderate Republican Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, who defeated him twice in senatorial races during the 1950's.

In his efforts to unite Democrats behind his candidacy, Brown has tried to placate two of the dissident factions. For the Yorty insurgents, the governor signed an anti-riot bill that was put through the legislature under pressure from Yorty and Los Angeles Police Chief William H. Parker, who died soon before the bill became law. The law makes it a misdemeanor for anyone to act intentionally to incite a riot under circumstances of clear and present danger and provides for penalties of up to six months in jail and a $500 fine.

To appease the Unruh faction, Brown agreed not to oppose the election as state Democratic chairman of Carmen Warschaw, an Unruh supporter who is called the Dragon Lady by her enemies. But Brown could not control liberals and others in the party who bitterly oppose Mrs. Warschaw. At a stormy meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee in Sacramento last month, Mrs. Warschaw was defeated by Charles Warren, a member of the Assembly from Los Angeles. The vote was 448 to 443, and, as Unruh said, the winner was really Reagan. Not only was Brown defeated in this effort to bring harmony to the party; he also had to step in to referee a convention shouting match between two of his campaign managers, Frederick G. Dutton and Don Bradley.

To plan his fall strategy, Brown brought Dutton, who managed his 1958 gubernatorial campaign, back to California from Washington. Dutton has been practicing law in the capital since serving as a White House aide during the Kennedy years. But even an acknowledged professional like Dutton must face up to the harsh fact that two four-year terms tend to weary the voters as well as the incumbent, no matter how good his record—and Brown's is certainly creditable.

During Brown's years in Sacramento, the state has expanded its university system, provided money for other schools, met its water needs with the Feather River project, and absorbed with a minimum of strife

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more than half a million new residents each year. But to accomplish this Brown has had to increase taxes and take many other unpopular steps.

THE DAY AFTER the primary last June, Brown told a news conference that it was his job to convince California voters that Reagan was a right-wing extremist, and that is still the theme of the Democratic campaign. But it may be too late to fasten this label on Reagan. Nearly half of the Republicans and almost a third of the Democrats questioned this summer by the Los Angeles *Times* State Poll said that they considered Reagan a conservative. The State Poll, conducted by a savings-and-loan executive, Don Muchmore, is to California what the Harris and Gallup Polls are to the nation. Muchmore, a skilled political analyst as well as a competent pollster, is respected by Republicans and Democrats alike.

Although Reagan refuses to denounce the John Birch Society, a factor of some consequence in California Republican politics, he gives a middle-of-the-road impression by talking in generalities and by avoiding the extreme, off-the-cuff statements with which Barry Goldwater overwhelmed himself in 1964. Like the good actor he was, Reagan has learned his lines well after attending brainstorming sessions where ideas on such problems as taxes, water, and education were fed into him by academic experts. He rehearses carefully, then delivers his speeches and television spiels smoothly, without notes.

But despite the difference in manner, Reagan is playing on emotional issues similar to those Goldwater sought to use. The Watts issue and continued rioting in Northern slums this summer have unquestionably helped his chances. Reagan has made no direct appeal for the strong backlash vote flushed out by Yorty, but he has said he dislikes the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which stressed public accommodations, the 1965 Voting Rights Act, and this year's Federal fair housing legislation.

The political potency of opposition to fair housing laws was felt in California two years ago, and leaders in both parties have not forgotten what happened. By a margin of nearly two to one, the voters approved a constitutional amendment invalidating the state's Rumford Act, which provided for the sale and rental of housing without discrimination. The amendment has since been declared unconstitutional by the state Supreme Court, and the decision is being appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. Reagan and the Republican nominee for lieutenant governor, former Nixon aide Robert H. Finch, issued a joint statement calling for the outright repeal of the Rumford Act. Finch's decision to join Reagan in such a move surprised nearly everyone because Finch is considered a moderate. But he too hopes to be governor some day.

At their convention the Republicans adopted a platform plank calling for the act's "repeal or amendment." A week later the Democratic convention endorsed the act, overriding suggestions from Brown, who strongly supported the act in 1964, that it should be referred to a bipartisan study commission and taken "out of politics." A majority of delegates felt that Brown had hurt himself by talking about unspecified amendments and had left himself in the position of trying to straddle the explosive open-housing issue.

Academic Emotions

Another highly emotional issue working for Reagan is the sustained concern over the demonstrations that began with the free-speech issue nearly two years ago at the University of California's Berkeley campus. Californians are proud of their university system, which is probably the best in the nation, and they were understandably upset when the state appeared to lose control of some aspects of life on the Berkeley campus. Reagan's position on the demonstrations is simple and appealing. All he claims to want is a public hearing so that there can be a full airing of the charges and countercharges. His opponents fear, however, that as governor he would play politics with the university and drive off many excellent students and faculty members.

Some Democrats are already saying that Reagan's right-wing supporters, and not the liberals, would be the most dismayed persons after Reagan took the oath of office in January, if he should win the election. This view assumes that Reagan, like most men elected to public office, would be a prisoner of events and could never make good on his promises to reduce Sacramento's involvement in the state's affairs.

A former radio sports announcer who became a competent actor, Reagan is a graduate of Eureka College in his native Illinois, where he majored in economics. He has been active in the Screen Actors Guild, was its president for a time, and helped negotiate its contracts with the film industry. But image, not substance, made him the gubernatorial nominee. Late in the 1964 Goldwater campaign Reagan appeared on a nationwide television program to deliver a speech that he had perfected during a decade of propagandizing for his television sponsor, General Electric. The television address ended with an appeal for campaign funds that brought in thousands of contributions. Encouraged by the surprise victory of George Murphy and casting about last year for a gubernatorial candidate, the strong Goldwater forces in California kept coming back to Reagan, who was receptive to the idea from the outset.

Under the tutelage of the California political public-relations firm of Spencer-Roberts & Associates, Reagan changed the emphasis of his speech from anti-Federal government to anti-state government and has been delivering it in person up and down the state and in recorded excerpts on radio and television. His voice is so well known, largely because of his long years on television, that his handlers decided it was not even necessary to identify him when he spoke on radio commercials. On television and in the flesh, the fifty-five-year-old Reagan looks great. Not a fleck of gray mars his carefully combed black hair.

Image, that potent ingredient in today's politics, has sidelined Nixon as a man from whom no one would buy a used car and exalted John F. Kennedy as a man of youthful vigor. With a Reagan victory in November, it could have its penultimate triumph. The ultimate would be Reagan's nomination as the 1968 Republican Presidential candidate.

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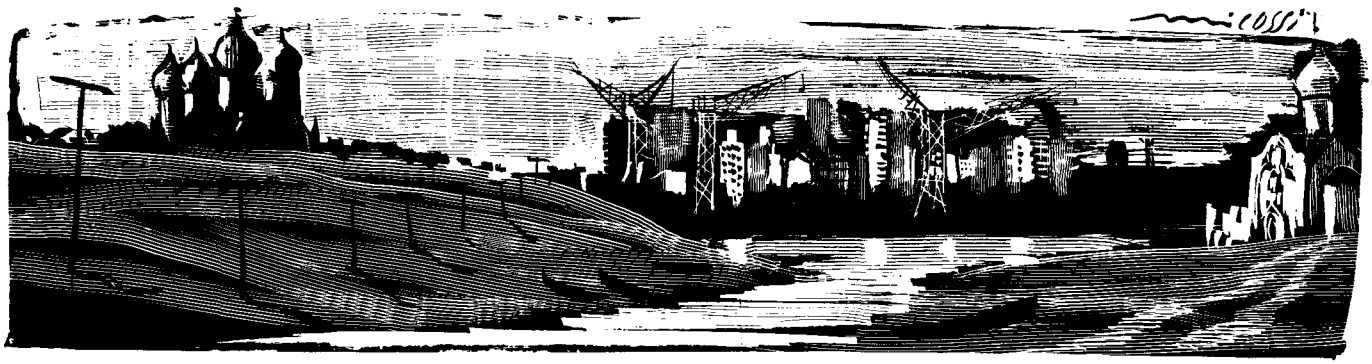

Moscow: The Defense Does Not Rest

DEMING BROWN

SEVEN MONTHS have passed since the Soviet writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel began serving their sentences of seven and five years, respectively, at hard labor. They are now in separate sections—about thirty miles apart—of the large concentration-camp area in the Mordovian Autonomous Republic in central Russia. Sinyavsky is said to be suffering from malnutrition; Daniel recently spent two weeks in solitary confinement on short rations, reportedly for objecting to his work as a lathe operator in a furniture factory, a job that aggravates the pain in his right arm, severely wounded during his front-line service in the Second World War.

As the two writers go about their prison labors and try to subsist on a fare of wheat porridge and potato soup, the intellectual community from which they have been banished has by no means forgotten them. The international outcry that accompanied their arrest last September, their long confinement incommunicado, and their trial and sentencing last February has died down somewhat. Yet the case of Sinyavsky and Daniel is just as alive today among Soviet intellectuals as it was on the day they were sentenced. They were convicted after a four-day trial for slandering the Soviet political and social system with the intention of subverting it through the works they had secretly sent abroad for publication under their respective pseudonyms, Abram Tertz and Nikolai Arzhak.

What is most striking about their trial, as reported in a partial transcript sent to the West by undisclosed means, is the obtuseness of the court as it went about its task of reducing works of literature to political pamphlets, and the dignity, courage, and intelligence with which the authors, having taken the virtually unprecedented step of pleading innocent at a show trial, defended themselves. A further example of the courage of Daniel, which convinced Soviet intellectuals even more of his stubborn sense of responsibility and honor, became known in April. In his final plea at the trial, Daniel had expressed a degree of remorse when he said that "We deeply regret that our works have been determinedly exploited by reactionary forces [abroad] and that thereby we have caused harm to our country." On April 9, he wrote a letter from the concentration camp to *Izvestia,* protesting that the six months' "persuasion campaign" directed at himself and Sinyavsky by police officials while they were in prison before the trial had purposely misinformed the two about the use that had been made of their works by foreign publishers and commentators. Daniel wrote that only after the trial had they been allowed to "read our newspapers and to obtain information about the foreign press," and that now, on the basis of this new information, "I have come to the conclusion that our writings should not under any circumstances have been the subject of a criminal prosecution. The verdict is unjust and illegal. I reject the regret I expressed regarding the damage which our writings are supposed to have caused. The only damage which can in any way be attached to the names of Sinyavsky and Daniel was provoked by their arrest, their trial, and their sentencing." *Izvestia* did not print or acknowledge Daniel's letter, but its contents have become well known to the Soviet intellectual community. And the spirited conduct of the two writers appears to have done much to set the tone of fearless indignation that has marked the utterances of their numerous sympathizers ever since the trial.

WHEN Sinyavsky and Daniel were arrested last September, very few Russians had ever heard of "Tertz" and "Arzhak," and only a tiny fraction of these had read their works. But after the arrests, despite an official blackout, word of the writers' plight traveled rapidly within the Soviet intellectual community. As word spread abroad, Soviet citizens derived their information on the case from a combination of foreign shortwave broadcasts and their own domestic grapevine. Through these means it became known that the outside world shared their concern and that the government was receiving protests from prominent foreign individuals and organizations, together with uneasy inquiries from foreign Communist Parties. In the first few months after the arrests a community of sympathy for the imprisoned writers began to build up, together with a crystallization of opinion as to what their

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seizure represented. Above all, there was agitation to bring the case into the open. Two hundred persons demonstrated on December 5 in Pushkin Square in the heart of Moscow to demand that a public trial be held, to convince the government that its news blackout had not prevented an intense public concern for the case, and that Soviet intellectuals were demonstrating their sentiments with an unprecedented lack of timidity.

Meanwhile, attempts by the authorities to incriminate the two on side issues—their financial dealings (neither of them solicited or received a cent from publication abroad), their political utterances, their contacts with foreigners, and even their sex lives—were fruitless. The search for "public accusers," witnesses for the prosecution, and writers to conduct a denunciation in the press also proved difficult. Several reputable literary figures who were approached simply refused; others pleaded illness, and the authorities finally had to settle for party hacks.

The press campaign that began about a month before the trial had little influence on most intellectuals. Those who had read Tertz and Arzhak knew that the newspaper accounts were hopelessly warped, and those who had not simply reserved judgment.

During the four-day "public" trial, the courtroom held only seventy carefully picked spectators, each of whom—except for Soviet journalists and the wives of the defendants—was allowed to attend only half of one day. The few liberal writers who were invited all refused to attend, as a gesture of solidarity with the defendants. Foreign journalists were excluded. But although the time and place of the opening session were withheld from the public, the grapevine immediately produced crowds of the defendants' sympathizers, who continued to gather outside the courtroom until the three judges proceeded to the prearranged verdict.

After the Trial

Once the trial and sentencing were done with, it remained for the authorities to deal, through legal procedures or otherwise, with uncooperative citizens and to drive home, if possible, a lesson in conformity. One friend of Sinyavsky's who had refused to testify was tried and given a six months' suspended sentence. A related case was that of a veteran professor at Moscow University, one of Sinyavsky's former teachers, who was the only one of many volunteers allowed to appear at the trial as a character witness for the defense. Shortly after the trial, the Council of the Philological Faculty of the university, under intense pressure from reactionary members, recommended that the professor be discharged from his duties. The news leaked out, and in one day a group of students and teachers obtained more than three hundred signatures —including those of prominent scientists—urging that the professor not be fired. After three months' delay, the university administration quietly removed him from his teaching position and transferred him to a research job. The fact that the professor was not summarily fired, and that the citizen who refused to testify was given a *suspended* sentence, would seem to show that liberal opinion was, to some extent, making itself felt.

Other episodes indicate that the authorities have been less than successful in their attempts to use the case as a means of intimidating liberals. On February 15, for example, eighteen faculty members of Moscow University, including many of those who had tried to oust the professor, published in the *Literary Gazette* a letter denouncing Sinyavsky for having slandered Soviet ideology and the Russian national character. This is the only signed collective letter against either of the writers that has ever been produced. The next day a group of students, in class, questioned one of the professors about the matter. When the professor answered that he had signed the letter willingly and had even participated in its drafting, the students rose and walked out of the classroom.

On February 19, there appeared in the *Literary Gazette* an open letter further castigating Sinyavsky and Daniel and insisting on the complete legality of the trial, in response to expressions of concern from "foreign literary organizations and from individual writers." Because a representative group of reputable writers could not be found to sign it, the signature read simply "The Secretariat" of the Board of the Soviet Writers' Union. When a meeting of the Moscow Section of the Writers' Union was held for the purpose of expelling Sinyavsky (the resolution also had to be signed "The Secretariat"), its leaders started a rumor that on the basis of the evidence produced at the trial, several of his defenders had repudiated their support. This was indignantly denied and one supporter, unable to attend the meeting, re-emphasized his position in a furious telegram.

Only one writer of prominence could be found to endorse the verdict of the court. This was Nobel Prize winner Mikhail Sholokhov, who in a speech at the 23rd Congress of the Communist Party in April excoriated Sinyavsky and Daniel for their "insane malice and hatred for everything Soviet," castigated their defenders, and suggested that the two writers were lucky not to have been summarily shot according to the "revolutionary justice" of the "memorable 1920's." Largely because of this speech, Sholokhov has become probably the most hated man in Soviet letters today. One distinguished Soviet woman author was so shocked by his position that she addressed an open letter of protest

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to Sholokhov and sent it to eight Soviet newspapers. Her letter was never published.

By the middle of March, the reaction against the trial had become so strong that two separate groups of prominent writers and intellectuals sent petitions to the Kremlin. The first of these, with about forty signatures, demanded that the writers be granted an immediate outright pardon. The second, signed by sixty-three persons (of whom seventeen were party members), urged that they be freed and placed on parole in the care of literary colleagues who would undertake collective responsibility for their future behavior. Both petitions were rejected.

Expressions of concern from a wide variety of groups and individuals kept coming from abroad. The foreign Communist press continued to print worried discussions of the case. The authorities became so sensitive to disapproval that the offending papers were withheld from Soviet subscribers and kept off the newsstands until an editorial could be printed in *Pravda* answering the criticisms. By the middle of March, the dissatisfaction of Soviet intellectuals was so painfully evident that a mass meeting was called by the Writers' Union to enable the judge who had presided at the trial to attempt to justify the case.

Not-Guilty Verdicts

In conversations with Soviet intellectuals this summer, I learned that a rather broad spectrum of opinion regarding the two writers has emerged. At one extreme are the very few persons who accepted their official condemnation as criminals and disapproved of them utterly. But the tendency to view them as traitors in the officially prescribed manner is rare. A more commonly held opinion is that the two were not guilty of sedition but had simply embarrassed the Soviet state by publishing satire and criticism abroad anonymously, thereby evading the elaborate controls that the state maintains over literature. Intellectuals who hold this view feel that Sinyavsky and Daniel were guilty of a tactical error, not a moral one. Their argument is that cultural freedom can only be achieved through orthodox means, and that acts such as the secret sending abroad of manuscripts only antagonize the authorities and impede cultural progress.

Those who hold this opinion realize that if the two writers had submitted their manuscripts to Soviet publishers, they would no doubt have been rejected. (Probably not as much for their political implications —since strong criticism of lingering Stalinist tendencies in Soviet society has already appeared in print—as for their artistic manner, which relies heavily on irony, ambiguity, and the grotesque.) Nevertheless, their argument goes, the manuscripts would have contributed to the cumulative pressure under which Soviet publishers, little by little, are being forced to adopt more liberal policies. Finally, the argument concludes, Sinyavsky and Daniel did harm to the liberal cause by pursuing the common goal in an unacceptable manner.

But the largest number of persons with whom I talked looked upon Sinyavsky and Daniel as victims of persecution and as heroes in the battle for freedom of expression. They pointed out that under the Soviet constitution it is not illegal to publish one's works abroad nor is it illegal to write under a pseudonym. They feel, moreover, that the two writers, frustrated by an official censorship that prohibits the circulation of a full range of literature, had a moral right to seek publication elsewhere. The fact that they chose to mask their identities to do so, these persons feel, is morally irrelevant. Above all, they place the whole affair in the perspective of the struggle between the liberalizing trend of Soviet society in the past ten years and what they fear may be the resurgent forces of Stalinist reaction. In such a context, they are inclined to view the conduct of Sinyavsky and Daniel as brave and honorable.

Regardless of the feeling about Sinyavsky and Daniel themselves, everyone I talked to expressed dismay over the way in which the case was handled. Most persons profoundly deplored the manner in which the trial was conducted, the verdict, the sentences, the surrounding propaganda, and the disciplinary measures that were taken against supporters of the two writers. The tactics of the police and court in attempting to incriminate the two on side issues, the search for friends who would inform on them, and the attempts to prejudice public opinion served only to increase the sympathy of the intellectual community for the defendants.

Many persons considered the trial itself, with its obvious prearranged verdict, a sham. The only consolation they took was that, although it was not public as promised, it was at least semi-public, and that the defendants had fought with vigor and eloquence. The sentences, even among those who did not find the defendants blameless, were considered shockingly severe. It was argued that the Soviet government, if only in self-interest, should not have undertaken the stigma of creating two more literary martyrs. One distinguished author simply summarized the entire procedure to me as stupid.

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT is undoubtedly aware of these sentiments. Long experience has taught its leaders that every repressive measure has met with some balkiness and foot-dragging, even though furtive, among the intelligentsia. Since the death of Stalin and the decline in the use of terrorist police controls, however, Soviet authorities have found it increasingly difficult to bend Russian intellectuals to their will. And this time opposition from the intellectuals has been insistent and resolute.

No doubt the hard-line faction in the Soviet leadership which was responsible for the decision to deal harshly with the two writers and which sought to punish their supporters hoped once again to terrorize the intellectual community. The response shows that, inspired by the knowledge that world public opinion —including the opinion of foreign Communists—is behind them, the intellectuals are definitely not terrified. Their proud opposition to this new attempt to restrict intellectual freedom foreshadows the far-reaching problems that will confront the Soviet leadership as it seeks to maintain controls in other sectors of Russian society without returning, wholesale, to Stalinist methods.

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Britain's Aristocrats of Crime

LAWRENCE MALKIN

LONDON

THE MURDER of three London detectives by a trio of petty gangsters this summer was England's worst police killing in fifty years, and it awakened the public to what had been regarded as a private war between the police and the underworld. About one policeman has been murdered on duty in each of the past fifteen years. If this seems low, the figure for the twenty years between the World Wars is astounding: only one policeman murdered. Almost all police killings here have involved rowdy scuffles, emotionally disturbed people, or young toughs. The coldbloodedness of this summer's killings marks them as the work of London's flourishing underworld gangs.

By shooting unarmed policemen, however, the killers overstepped the bounds set for criminals in this civilized nation, and even the comrades of the wanted men turned against them. One of the men realized this at once and surrendered on the night of the shootings. Another was turned in by his family. Tips came not only from the public but, the police said, from the underworld itself. Scotland Yard's detective work played the least part; it seems to have changed little from the days when Sherlock Holmes's favorite butt was Inspector Lestrade. The flood of donations for the families of the murdered men showed how much the public appreciates the uniquely gentle character of the bobby on the beat; but the folk heroes are still the modern Macheaths who pulled off the Great Train Robbery of August 8, 1963.

Crime in England is more than a growing social problem. It is a high art. Gangs seem to operate in the manner of "The League of Gentlemen," and woe to him who does not mind his manners. Underworld debtors, defaulters, and squealers risk the traditional acid bath or interment in the Thames. Minor infractions of the code result in vicious punishment: a knee, ankle, or wrist tendon is severed with an ax. The minimum fee for a rubout is about £50, and this may take place in broad daylight or in a pub while the victim sips a pint with his pals, who of course have seen nothing when the police arrive. The police, who enjoy little success in solving these murders, apparently believe the criminal subculture must be given a free hand to enforce discipline, just as student prefects in the best public schools use the cane to beat honorable values into their charges. But for the ordinary citizen, London's streets are among the world's safest, unless he stupidly carries the family jewels in his pocket.

Galloping Figures

Since 1954, crimes known to the police have almost tripled, from 434,237 to 1,133,882 last year. The percentage of crimes cleared up has dropped from forty-nine to thirty-nine. The recovery rate for stolen property runs about ten per cent, and the loot is about £35 million a year. The insurance companies have responded more speedily than the overworked police, paying out sixteen per cent more in claims last year than in 1964 and raising premiums accordingly. Robbery, although on the rise, totaled only 3,066 cases in 1964—less for all of Britain than for New York City alone. Murders, unaffected by the abolition of capital punishment, run at a steady rate of about 150 a year, also less than the New York rate.

British crooks are more interested in property than in people. Nothing is too small or too sacred. Two hundred pairs of candelabra, a £100 wafer box at St. Paul's Cathedral, a church gate, tons of lead roofing and casket lining, and a complete set of church bells were stolen last year in 1,500 church robberies. "Organized gangs may be behind some of the thefts. There's a certain amount of educated thievery going on," said an official of the Church of England's Ecclesiastical Insurance Office, whose premiums also are rising.

Thieves substituted bricks for frozen turkeys in one shipment to a London supermarket. Thousands of brass screws were stolen from the portholes of the *Queen Elizabeth* in drydock. A gang posing as workmen walked into the Smithfield Meat Market (where unfortunates who stole loaves of bread were hanged 150 years ago) and calmly stripped ten tons of lead from the roofs. The wallets of three High Court judges were stolen from their jackets in chambers while they sat in court in their wigs and robes.

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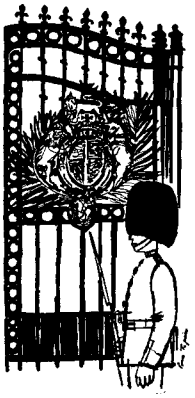
Total loss: £37, to say nothing of the cost to the majesty of the English law. Three penny-black stamps were stolen from the Queen's collection right inside Buckingham Palace shortly after they went on public display.

The Great Train Robbery was only the grandest of many cops-and-robbers dramas, and one of the few in which the cops can claim a reasonably happy ending. The train robbers simply refined the art of lifting goods in transit to its highest form. About thirty gangs in South London alone specialize in hijacking; they prefer liquor, cigarettes, textiles, transistor radios, and canned goods. These usually are taken on the open road from trucks that have been flagged down by fake police cars or appeals for help in a mock accident. Some firms have given drivers orders not to stop under any circumstances. The stolen goods are stored in old barns bought for the purpose in desolate areas, and in time they find their way back into commerce at slightly reduced prices that make their origin clear. Many are sold in "markets overt," giving a purchaser clear title and preventing him from being prosecuted for unwittingly receiving stolen property. A large proportion of criminals give their occupation as "street trader" when brought to book, and this is precisely what they are.

Under England's lax corporation laws, criminals find it simple to set up a dummy company, order merchandise, and then leave the supplier holding the bag—and the bill. The City of London fraud squad is so overworked that Quintin Hogg, a leading criminal lawyer and Conservative Party spokesman on the police, reports: "Unless the fraud of which you complain is over £1 million, you rate only a sergeant in the investigation."

Another racket is the insurance deal. A criminal buys a truckload of goods, has it stolen by a confederate, claims the insurance, and then sells the goods, in effect collecting twice over. Even the government's export-guarantee insurance program has been hit by this scheme through dock thefts.

The aristocrats of the profession are the jewel thieves. Jewels, gold, and antique silver valued at nearly £2 million have been stolen in the past year, and one Scotland Yard man said wearily: "Unless a theft is more than £20,000 it does not attract much attention these days." Harry Rosenberg, a diamond merchant, was robbed of £300,000 in jewels as he drove from his office. The thieves then moved rapidly up the social scale, like Raffles wandering into a Noël Coward play. Among the victims were Digby Morton, the fashion designer (£10,000), Mimi Lady Queensberry (£20,000), and Lord and Lady Melchett (£15,000). From the Duke of Wellington's Museum on busy Hyde Park Corner, thieves took the Iron Duke's own priceless jewel-studded baton. The agony column of the



Times carries the persistent and plaintive cry of the insurance company, offering a flat ten per cent for the return of stolen jewelry, and no questions asked.

Weekend at the Bank

The thieves work according to careful plan and strict schedule. At Charles Packer, a goldsmith's on Regent Street, burglars used the newest high-temperature, high-speed gas-and-oxygen flame cutter, which has become an underworld favorite even though the manufacturer sells it only upon production of references attesting to the purchaser's legitimacy. One gang using such a cutter broke into a London bank and stayed the weekend, cleaning out the safe-deposit vault (£250,000) and leaving half-eaten sandwiches.

Cecil Shrubsole's silver shop in Bloomsbury was the victim of a theft copied from the film *Rififi*. The gang cut a hole through the roof and slid down a plank so the burglar alarm wouldn't go off, and carried £50,000 of antique silver in bags out the front door and through an after-theatre crowd. Shrubsole told the police the gang had selected his best pieces. They probably were sold in Italy and South America through international fences—identifying hallmarks and all.

The biggest haul, estimated as high as £900,000, was at Carrington's on Regent Street, one of the court jewelers. The gang opened the back door with a skeleton key, jammed the burglar alarm with matchsticks, and cleaned the place out just before the Christmas rush.

Such operations take a big capital investment. But the rate of return is considerably higher than a stock-market plunger can dream of, and the risk apparently is small, judging by the low rate of detection. The investment for the Carrington raid was estimated by police at about £10,000. That included a bribery payment to someone who knew the shop routine and the location of the burglar alarm; the cost of training and hiding the gang members; and the acquisition of special clothing without traceable marks, tools, stolen cars, and other equipment. The burglar-alarm specialist works on a flat fee rather than a percentage of the gross, as befits a professional consultant of such status.

The capital probably comes from the proceeds of other crimes. One not unreasonable speculation is that the Carrington raid was financed partly by the loot from the Great Train Robbery. Only ten per cent of the £2.5 million has been recovered, and the missing head of the gang, Bruce Reynolds, once worked an an antique silver and furniture dealer to cover his more lucrative enterprises. There are other possible links. The Carrington burglary was remarkably similar to the 1959 raid on the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Association (£250,000), and one man involved in the first job is known to have been connected with one of the train robbers. The supposed Carrington mastermind, delicately described as "of a scientific bent," seems unusually similiar to the man thought to have been the brains behind the Great Train Robbery.

The Great Train Robbery itself is believed to have been financed

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by the London Airport robbery. On November 27, 1962, a gang that included three men in striped pants and bowlers stole £62,500 from a branch bank at the airport. Among those tried—and acquitted on an alibi—was Douglas Gordon Goody. He is now doing thirty years as a leader of the train robbers, who went into action only nine months after the airport job.

BRITAIN'S criminals now are organized nationally, no longer basing themselves on local racecourses as they did before the war. They have moved into legalized gambling with the expertise gained in years of illegal operations. Since gambling is a cash industry, it provides criminals with a perfect bank for their winnings. The Conservatives, who legalized gambling in 1960, admit they had no idea of the sinister scale on which it would develop. "We were certainly not warned of this," Hogg told the House of Commons recently. Their bill contained no licensing or other curbs on casinos, and one can be operated with less public surveillance than a butchershop. The Labour government's Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins, hopes to change this situation.

Jenkins also plans to introduce a bill to end the ancient rule of unanimous verdicts for English juries, making a 10-2 verdict enough for conviction. Criminals have been laughing at the law by doing more than stealing judges' wallets. At the Old Bailey, bribery of jurors and intimidation of witnesses have been an open secret for some time, as Jenkins acknowledged. He said: "Among those who get off are the big fish—the men who operate not only on their own but are the centers of networks of criminal activities. Nothing is more discouraging to the police . . . when, after long efforts, they catch one of these managerial criminals and then find he is able to frustrate the processes of justice."

Crime is one industry that has achieved the economic feats that Britain so desperately needs. The crime rate rose by 6.2 per cent last year, considerably more than the growth-rate target set for the whole economy by the government's now discredited National Plan. The attitude of the police toward this growth industry approaches desperation at times. Frustrated and overworked, they have been known to fake and plant evidence. The chief of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department recently urged citizens to "have a go" at smash-and-grab bandits, and never mind waiting for the cops. The reputation of the Yard is on the decline, and Jenkins has hired a team of management consultants to investigate the efficiency of the investigators. None of the big jewel thieves has been caught. One of the missing train robbers, James White, was brought down by underworld knavery rather than by the police.

Pilfering the Pelf

White's story, as related by his lawyer at his trial, gives a fascinating picture of a criminal on the run. His share of the loot for organizing the transport for the Great Train Robbery was £120,000. But by the time he was arrested on the tip of a suspicious neighbor, he was virtually penniless. He had secreted £30,000 in the walls of his house trailer. Another crook broke in, White fled, and the police found the loot. (But not all of it. After White's capture, another £4,500 was found in the trailer, which had been parked in a police courtyard.) White had put £12,000 into a Scottish farm; it failed. He had given £50,000 to a London bookie, whose runners changed it into "clean" cash; White got only £20,000 back. Small-time crooks showed up and told him they were collecting for less fortunate friends in jail. Such charity cost him £500 a throw, and he had to keep moving to avoid this thinly disguised form of blackmail. Finally, at the end of his tether, he decided to provide for his wife and turn himself in. He met two reporters from the London *Daily Mirror* and Germany's *Stern,* gave them his fingerprints to prove his identity, and sold his story for upwards of £10,000. But his lawyer said White's arrest prevented him from receiving any payment for subsidiary rights.

Scotland Yard is beginning to wake up to modern methods. Foot patrolmen are getting pocket walkie-talkies. Big cities are organizing special commando squads of plain-clothesmen in high robbery areas. Regional crime squads are being formed. The Home Secretary has ordered the consolidation of 117 police jurisdictions into forty-nine, thus eliminating, for example, a patchwork around Manchester through which in one hour a thief can make a getaway across sixteen separate police areas—all with different radio frequencies. Radio scramblers are only now being installed, and there are still no computers to keep track of habitual criminals. Every big-city police force is chronically short of men and brainpower; only twenty-five university graduates have joined the police since the war.

Britain has no national police agency, Scotland Yard is only the headquarters of London's Metropolitan police; it cannot help in a provincial crime unless the local police request it to. (The chief constable of Buckinghamshire waited several vital hours to call for help after discovering he had the Great Train Robbery on his hands.) The various police forces need to reorganize themselves and make proper use of their scarce manpower. Liverpool, which put foot patrolmen in radio cars, was the only area to report a drop in nearly all types of crimes last year, although it has the most understaffed force in the country.

THE WELFARE STATE and the affluent society have not brought a drop in crime but the reverse. (The only category of thefts to decrease in London last year was bicycle thefts.) "In Britain, America, Sweden, and other capitalist democracies, a high crime rate is taken as an index of economic success," wrote Professor John Barron Mays of the University of Liverpool in his book *Crime and the Social Structure.* The more people see, the more they want. Crime figures here show a peak during the war years, a sharp drop during the postwar austerity régime, and a steady climb since 1954, when the postwar grayness began to fade. This pattern runs counter to some reformers' theories. "Property crimes seem to be motivated primarily by a desire for attention, and only to some extent for material welfare," Joan McCord wrote in *Origins of Crime.* Well, maybe. But those train robbers seemed awfully interested in getting rich quick.

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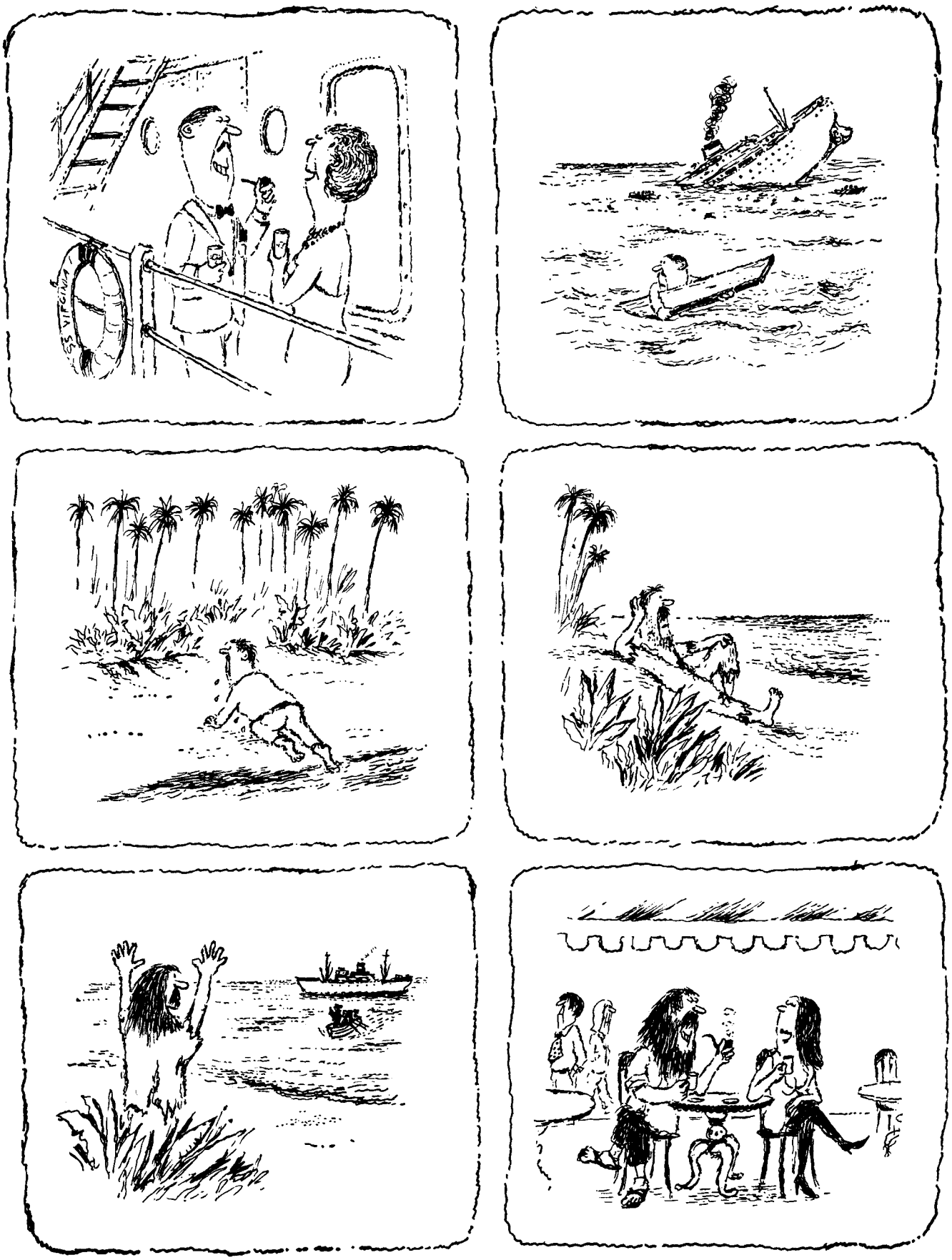

By Fernando Krahn

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The Man Who Hated Cigarettes

NANCY HUDDLESTON PACKER

My father's views on smoking were as significant to us as another man's views on God or Hitler might have been to his children. He was as much aware of religion, though he had none, as the next man and no doubt more concerned with Hitler than most, for he was a Congressman between the two wars. But it was smoking that really got him.

I remember once—some time in the early 1930's when I was seven and he was sixty—he came home laughing to himself, wiping the grin off his mouth. Our mother always toadied to his rare gay moods and she called together an audience of us children to hear his story.

At lunch he had dug his spoon into a grapefruit and a drop shot off on to the neck of a woman at the next table. Just thinking of it, his shoulders bounced and his face broke with laughter. He had twisted the grapefruit around to go after another section and this time he hit the woman in the ear. When she turned, he hid the grapefruit behind cupped hands and played innocent. Then he decided he would try to control the shot and just as the stream left the fruit the woman turned again and caught the juice right above the eye.

He had been stuttering and gasping but he sobered to say, "Of course I would never have tried such a thing but she was smoking."

Smoking. He spat out the word as if the flavor disgusted him. Womanizers, drunkards, petty thieves and swindlers—toward them he had pity, even tolerance, perhaps understanding. But tobacco smokers were inexcusable, beyond belief, bad.

Yet even here, where private disgusts and taboos coalesced so powerfully, he had devised a subtle hierarchy of badness. Snuff dipping was not unknown in the backwoods of our Southern family. It was not widespread and never indulged publicly, but to my father it was the most acceptable way to use tobacco. Perhaps this was the defiant country boy in him, the successful Public Man who would not betray his plain origins. The snuff dippers were old women who had borne the brunt of Reconstruction more nobly than the startled and refined men, and perhaps my father thought they bore it with help from the chewed matchstick dipped in the snuff can. That's the way I figure it for him.

Next down from the women who dipped were men who chewed. A filthy thing by our standards, but country and manly, and as my father said, anybody who could hold the stuff in his mouth, stand the harsh flavor, and endure the slime sliding down his throat was at once paid off and proved out. Once we visited a cousin who operated a store on a dirt road off the Murfreesboro Pike in Tennessee. Sitting on a keg of nails while my father joshed the men, I thought I spied the remains of a Moon Pie in the corner of a box. Ever since tasting those crumbs of plug tobacco I have had high respect for anybody who chewed.

Pipe smoking was dangerous to life and limb but my father thought it was abidable if a man indulged only while walking outside after meals. It had no special plus in his mind for it was not country or Southern, but he thought it was self-limiting for being so much trouble.

In those days cigars were rare. Movie gangsters could be identified by them, and so could sharpies on the street. My father claimed he had smoked one once when he was twenty and thus knew whereof he spoke: cigar smoking was sickening and self-indulgent, and showed a weakness of character.

Nonetheless, it was for cigarettes that he saved his real scorn. Old men who smoked cigarettes were fools, young men were knaves, and women . . . if women who smoked cigarettes were not moral degenerates, of easy virtue and ill repute, they ought to quit the advertising.

Needless to say, his wife and all his five children ended up smoking cigarettes. So did their spouses, their friends, the young women whose company he admired in his last years, the young men he envied and enjoyed. It was like a conspiracy to offend him. And yet no one who cared about him at all, or even in any serious way acknowledged his presence, ever lit up in front of him. I mean that: no one.

It is part of the family lore that my mother started smoking on a dare issued by my father's favorite aunt. This aunt was not a back-

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woodswoman but a sophisticated and well-traveled lady. Her side of my father's family had been less well off before the Civil War and so gave up its ante-bellum ways earlier and got to the city sooner. She took my mother under her wing and taught her to smoke.

My mother was twenty-two years younger than my father and it required ingenuity and exercise to stay fit for the years' long struggle. Having chanced—if it was chance—upon cigarettes as the ground for skirmishing, she may have saved

them from war. She is red-headed, feisty, tough, and she smoked, but he was what he was and she did not smoke in front of him. Not even on the forty-five-minute ride to the bedside of my brother who had been seriously hurt in a wreck. After a heart attack, my mother gave up smoking and I believe it took several months for their relationship to settle down again.

We children began to smoke all at about the same time. We were very close in age and maintained a hot competition all down the line and passed along vices and privileges as quickly as we found them.

The eldest, Mary, went off to college just before her sixteenth birthday. She was slender, pretty, shy, much oppressed in the manner of the eldest by our watchful father, much burdened by a passel of younger children. She was an undeveloped country ripe for freedom's excesses.

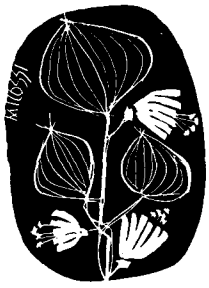
That summer when the family went to Birmingham, our father stayed on in Washington to debate the Guffey coal bill. Right away we younger children peered over the transom above Mary's locked door and saw her blowing smoke out the window into the sycamore tree. This find was first-quality serendipity: we only spied to annoy. We said share or else, and share she did.

We soon learned that it was an expensive proposition. We pooled our resources and found them wanting. We scoured alleys for Coke and Nehi bottles to reclaim the deposits. Regularly the old-gold man came around and one by one we lost last year's Christmas watch to two packs of Chesterfields. Finally, we laid siege to the local drugstore. While the druggist coped at the back of the store—where we fingered *Esquire* and drew perilously close to the Evening in Paris display—one of us crept off with a flat fifty.

Unused to middle-class delinquency, the druggist could not believe what instinct told him about us. He asked our names and we said, "Buzzie and Sistie and Fala and we hate war." We said, daring to come close, "John and Nancy Garner." "Pecksniff," said my brother, and I said "Ralph Henry Barbour." We were summertime marauders without a care in the world, and our timing was superb.

When the Guffey coal bill passed, so did our vices, for our father's nose was too acute to dare. But we all vowed to grow up to be true smokers, if not stealers.

WHEN WE MOVED back to Birmingham permanently in 1937, I was twelve, weighed no more than ninety pounds, had straight red hair and a million freckles, and was devoid of breasts and hips. Mine was not merely the face of a child but of a particularly innocent one. When my



brother would say, "I've seen highbrows and I've seen lowbrows, but, kid, you're my first no brows," I was grateful for the attention.

Yet it set me thinking and I thought that with a Chesterfield between my lips, I'd be a knockout. I began to buy cigarettes and I thought I looked twenty-three in a breeze. In the downtown lunch counter where we ate chicken salad after the Saturday Mickey Mouse Club, older people watched me smoke and whispered: Who is that fascinating young woman? The boys in my eighth-grade class, and high-school boys too, stared at me and giggled with desire and longing. They kept their distance because I was obviously too old for them.

Fairly soon I saw how exhausting it was to be a femme fatale and I fell back, cigarettes in hand, upon a role that suited me better: trickster, comedienne. Smoking became for me a passport not only through rebellion but also into peer-group status (as we did not call it then). As a juggler had tenpins and Frank Buck his lions, I had my cigarettes. I was a true stylist of smoking.

My technique evolved over the next four years. Whenever the crowd looked elsewhere, I tried a new trick. When my friends were still coughing when they inhaled, I started blowing smoke through my nose. When they caught up, I went for the smoke ring: two, ten, twenty, fifty on a puff. I blew a kind of ring through my nose, two at a time, five times a puff, as I wiggled my ears. I put cigarettes into my nose, inhaled, blew smoke rings out of my mouth. I concealed a lighted cigarette in my mouth. Fairly early I learned that the thick coating of the tongue was an ashtray into which one might stub out a cigarette. At last, after much wearying practice, I broke the local—perhaps the international—record for smoke rings on one puff. I blew one hundred and eighteen.

AS I SAT there in my sister's room, nausea flowed through me. But crowds cheered, friends laughed, even brothers and sisters applauded enviously. The door opened and there stood my father.

"Someone," he said, "is smoking."

I gazed around. All the others had doused their cigarettes. Was it a gang-up? Was this their gratitude? But I did not waste time on theory; I stomped out my cigarette on the hardwood floor. If, I thought, you keep swallowing, the smoke disappears through the gut. I swallowed and swallowed. Smoke hung several feet thick in the room.

Our father backed off from the poisonous fumes. "Who is smoking?"

What shall I say we said? This kind of episode was repeated so often in our annals that I hesitate to favor one particular lie. "Mother

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just left the room," often we said, relying on her known guilt. Or we pointed to a distant relative we did not much fancy, to a sometime friend, to any single-shot sojourner. "What the hell, why blame me?" the victim might later say. And we answered, "Because it won't matter for you." That, if I ever heard one, was a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Sometimes when my father asked, "Who is smoking?" we answered, "No one is smoking." We did not

trouble to differentiate "is" from "was." Did that make us liars, cheats, dishonorable children of an honorable father? Clearly not. Was it our fault if after half a century of law and politics he did not know how to elicit information?

After we gave our shyster answers, he would gaze around at the smoke, smile mildly, draw his brows together, shake his head to indicate . . . what? That he believed us? Did not believe us? Did not wish to make an issue but yet to make the point? That his sense of betrayal was too profound for words? He departed and in his wake were half a dozen clever, triumphant, joyous, relieved, guilty, somehow gratified, somehow very pained teen-agers mouthing their next weed.

About the time I turned sixteen, our mother conceded that since she was unable to lick our smoking—and she had tried—she might as well join it. Her room became our favorite and safest place to congregate. Shake the curtains and the blue-gray air bounced. The bottom of the trash basket was a layer of ash. The floor was pockmarked with hurriedly doused cigarettes when we heard our father's slippers slapping against his heels.

Like apostles the world over, we spread the good news. Our friends were all initiated at once into the joy of tobacco and the fear of our father. Though he never raised his voice and was quiet and scholarly for a public man, everyone saw the wrath of Moses, the judgment of Noah, the rectitude of Washington. The most brazen hid to smoke.

When I was fourteen I made friends with a bunch of girls considerably older than I, freshmen in college, roustabouts, mischief-makers enjoying a late but lively rebellion. I was a wildly applauding audience to their reckless driving of an old Terraplane, to frogs sprinkled in the beds of their dorm, to the rubber rattlesnake secreted, but not too secreted, in the closet of a dorm mother. And I had my own act: smoking. Oddly, they had never smoked until I came along and they had no special talents. In most adventures, I was mascot. In smoking, I was champ.

For reasons no longer clear in memory, one of the girls was suspended from the university. Friday at dusk they tooted a strange horn for me, a U-Drive-It horn. "Get a toothbrush, get your money, invent a story and let's go," one said to me.

It wasn't all that easy, but then it wasn't all that hard either. At the front door, I concocted a story: dinner and a movie, a slumber party, and tomorrow morning a trip to Tuscaloosa—with my friend's mother, of course. After rearing so many children so carefully, my parents were exhausted and had come to trust less in control and more in natural good judgment of good blood. Nonetheless they had misgivings.

"Wellll," my mother began.

"Thanks, old top," I said and sped out the door.

By hook or crook we got hold of a case of beer, bought some potato chips and cigarettes, and set out in that rented car to all four points of the compass, hoping to raise hell at every college in the state of Alabama. We climbed fire escapes at one, roared through another sitting on the horn at 3 A.M., threw pebbles at a fraternity house in Tuscaloosa where my friends had beaux, and sped on, laughing, drinking, tossing lighted cigarettes into the vanishing night. At five o'clock we parked on a lonely stretch of highway in northern Alabama and four slept while I kept watch. I was prouder than I was afraid.

We stopped once more before we got to Birmingham, at a tourist court on the Bessemer Highway where we ate Nabs and drank coffee and all of us slept three hours. When we woke up we took cold showers and then headed home in earnest.

To avoid detection—we all had different lies—I was left at a drugstore while the others reported home. Drained of everything, including restlessness, I waited patiently. When I saw my brother drive by I waved and he made a U-turn and came back.

"I've got a ride," I said in a cool voice. He said, "Forget it, the jig's up, get in."

And so the jig was up, had been for eighteen hours, when my mother's intuition (or instinct or memory of her own adolescence or understanding of mine) had prompted her to drive to my friend's house, ostensibly to bring me money for that dinner, that movie.

The highway patrol had been on the lookout, but no one knew about the U-Drive-It. The dean of women had been alerted, but not the fra-

ternity boys, not the girls whose sleep we had joyfully fractured. I see that six-block ride home all in red, painted so by my exhaustion and fear, by my silent vow to be tough, by a sudden understanding of the night my parents had spent on a roller coaster of fright and fury.

My father was sitting on the sofa, playing solitaire. I said, "I know I've done wrong and I'm ready for any punishment you give me." I meant it, too. There was my victim, my mother, standing at the kitchen door, chalk-white with trembling lips and little-eyed from crying.

My father said, "We all make mistakes, Nan."

If he had struck me, or raged at me, or even failed to speak to me, I might have endured. But thus to speak, to think first of me, my need, to forgive so gently, exacting noth-

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ing—that undid me and I began to cry, and I cried with great racks and sobbings and was put to bed tenderly by my mother and slept all afternoon and all night and late into the next morning. But waking, I was determined not to get by with it so easily and went in to my father.

"I want to tell you about it," I said.

"No need, we'll just forget it."

But I insisted and I told him. I told him about the U-Drive-It, the racing from campus to campus disturbing the world, about sleeping on the highway and again at the unsavory tourist court. And I told him we had bought a case of beer and drunk it.

He said, "I see it didn't kill you."

He thought a moment and then he said, "I suppose those older girls smoke?"

"Yes."

It occurred to me how absurd his interest was in that, and yet how I had not mentioned that, pretending it was the least of it, knowing it was my real vulnerability with him.

He said, "I would rather see you with the beer than with a cigarette, Nan." He shuffled his chipped worn-out Bicycle cards and went on, "I believe I'll ask you—not make—ask you to stop being friends with those girls."

I said I would. It was little enough, and besides the whole thing had been a bit too rich for my blood. I didn't have to go to such extremes to make my rebellion, for I already smoked. Never again did I go off on any such jaunts or cause my parents any worries outside the normal run.

But I went on smoking. Behind his back, of course. All of us did. After each meal we children retired in a band to another part of the house, away from him. He went alone to the living room to play solitaire, read the paper, perhaps ponder the absence of his family. After a smoke or two we returned for a short while, until our habit called us away again. He was good company, full of old-time stories and quotations from Shakespeare, the Bible, and Douglas Southall Freeman, full of hard-headed opinions about the world and history and money, but our times with him grew less and less frequent with shorter and shorter intervals.

In the summer we clustered on the front porch, and from the sofa it must have seemed to him the night was alight with fireflies—until he came out. In winter, we gathered in our mother's bedroom, talking and smoking, filling ashtrays and the air. Often one might say, "Somebody ought to sit with Pappy," which had become our pet name during his old age. And somebody would, or else he would come to bid us good night and perhaps join us for a little until one by one we were called away to smoke. For his very presence created awareness of a cigarette, and then a desire, and finally an overwhelming need.

When we were older, he often sniffed a little and quite out of the blue said, "Do you smoke, George?" "Do you smoke, Nan?"

By then I was a divided woman, divided between my desire to keep him from knowing I smoked and my yearning to be face to face with him. And I answered, "Not all the time, Pappy."

"No one," he said, "smokes all the time; a body needs sleep." But that was the end of the probing, as if he did not really want to know.

He saw me only one time with a cigarette between my lips, and that was my wedding day. The wedding was at our house, and as the guests gathered below, my dearest friend and I were in my room. I was intensely nervous and faked whatever nervousness I did not come by honestly. I smoked feverishly as I donned my wedding clothes and fixed my face and hair and laughed uproariously over the absurdity of marriage, over the unredeemable absurdity of any marriage to which I was a party. I looked in the mirror, watched myself light another cigarette, turned to make another rueful joke, and faced my father.

He had come to fetch me. He had not seen me that morning, had never seen my wedding gown. He stared a moment and then said, "Smoking cigarettes."

It brought me flat to earth and cleared my nerves. No thousand words could have expressed so well what was wrong and what was right between us. Nothing else could have so neatly symbolized the good and the bad of leaving the nest. He was in his eighties then and his eyes were faded and his awareness was not constant or sure, but at that moment (my wedding day!) he was deeply himself and what he saw was not the finery but the cigarette, not the last departing daughter but the smoking child.

I said, "I thought it might calm my nerves." I pointed at my friend. "She gave it to me."

Below stairs, wedding music commenced. After a reproachful look, my friend began the procession and my father and I followed.

He died in his ninety-first year. Within six months two of his children, including me, had stopped smoking. Fear of cancer, we said, of heart attacks and asthma. Over the years the two of us have discussed it in a quiet, regretful, middle-aged way. We wonder if our father's dying made death real at last, made us more vulnerable to dying now that he was dead. And we wonder if the need to smoke, to wage that one large battle against him, had died with him. And though neither of us believes in immortality, we ask each other if we did it to please him, to make ourselves proud of ourselves at last in our memory of him.

Yet when I am most strongly with this memory, I reproach myself and him. Perhaps there is always a false barrier between the generations, as absurd as smoke, but nonetheless I regret all of him I did not get to know and understand because I smoked and because he would not tolerate it. How could we have created such a thing?

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Wagner by Half-Light

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

BAYREUTH

THE STYLE, the architecture, the whole *Weltanschauung* could only be products of a nation accustomed to spending an annual restorative fortnight at a watering place, sipping mineral water, immersing itself in warm baths, and strolling up and down among leafy bowers while the *Kurorchester* plays in an ivy-covered pagoda. In Bayreuth one eats more than at a properly run spa, but the promenading is much the same. All day long during the festival weeks, small groups of Wagnerites go ambling arm in arm through the modest gardens that surround the red-brick *Festspielhaus*—past the little yellow post office from where you can send postcards of Richard Wagner in a red velvet dressing gown and a gray Beatle haircut; past the tall flagpoles flying the German and Bavarian colors; past the bed of pink roses presided over by a scowling marble head of the Master; past an expensive restaurant intended for the restoration of the physical self; and finally across the road and into a small patch of trees, a remnant of that ancient Frankish forest which was particularly dear to Wagner because "the Romans were never able to penetrate it."

As a result of this circumstance, he reasoned, Bayreuth "maintained and asserted the German tongue with victorious faith," and was later able to withstand the encroachments of "the foreign culture with its French language," which was anathema to him. But today one hears a lot of French spoken here, and there are stacks of French and English publications on display at the bookshop next to the post office—a whole pavilion devoted to books, magazines, pamphlets, and pictures about Wagner. At the theatre canteen, where they bury plum cake under whipped cream and wash it down with beer, the authors of these books sit in earnest consultation. A Frenchman is autographing copies of his last year's guide to the *Ring;* an authority from Hamburg has brought along the manuscript of his new analysis of *Tristan;* an Englishman is quoting from his next year's history of *Parsifal.*

At about two-thirty in the afternoon the stream of visitors increases, and the large space in front of the festival playhouse begins to fill with people in evening clothes. Last to arrive, in their black Mercedeses, are the captains of industry and politics; on opening day I noted Gerhard Schröder and Alfons Goppel and Franz Josef Strauss, a general or two, a famous figure skater, three movie stars, and the Begum Aga Khan. As curtain time approaches, a detachment from the brass section of the orchestra mounts to the top of the portico and sounds a series of warning fanfares—music by Wagner—on trumpets and trombones. With the last blast there is a general rush to seats, for the doors are locked at four o'clock and not even Wagner's ghost could get into the theatre after that.

THE HOUSE LIGHTS dim to almost total darkness and the great immersion begins. Music wells up from the famous "invisible orchestra" (a pit covered by a wooden canopy) and pours into the auditorium until the whole theatre is quivering like a giant guitar. The sound of burnished brass and seasoned wood impinges not just on the eardrums but also on the soles of one's feet. This is what Baudelaire felt on listening to Wagner, the sensation of "letting myself be penetrated and invaded, a really sensual delight that resembles rising in the air or tossing upon the sea." Then the curtains open on a barely visible stage and the voices enter one by one, rising and falling with the chromatic tides of the restless orchestra. When the voice is weak the effect is of some pebble-mouthed Demosthenes declaiming against the surf, but when the wind is right—on days when Birgit Nilsson is singing Brünnhilde, for instance—one voice can sweep through the hall like a storm whistling through the *Dutchman's* rigging. Only then does Bayreuth fulfill all the conditions of the great Wagner sound, the *Klangideal,* which he evolved toward the end of his life and which the cognoscenti have come miles to hear.

Meanwhile the bodies that belong to these voices fade in and out of the gloom on the stage. Much of the time it is difficult to see just what is happening there in that vast cave, where heroes and dwarfs and goddesses grope about, never quite finding each other. A single spotlight pierces the dark revealing just the head and bare painted bosom of Venus on the Venusberg, or the dorsal movements of a Rhine Maiden on the Rhine. The sets have been stripped down to a strand-of-all-time and an eternity-blue sky, except on rare occasions when some giant symbolic object or other functions midway between a drop and a prop.

The standard Wagnerian *Helden* trappings are absent—the horned helmets, ladies in anatomical armor, caparisoned chargers, and such. The whole atmosphere, in fact, is far more Grecian than Teutonic, for Bayreuth's current management is playing Wagner for his "universality." When the director, Wieland Wagner (who is Wagner's grandson and Liszt's great-grandson), took over the festival after the war, he set out to "sweep 80 years of *Kitsch* from the stage." In matters of production he has taken his cue from a chance remark made by the composer when he was preparing the first *Parsifal* in the 1870's: "Now that I have created the invisible orchestra, I would like to invent the invisible stage." Wieland Wagner comes closer to that ideal each festival season, and ultimately he may do for Bayreuth what radio did for the Metropolitan—remove the sight of the singers from the affronted retinas of our movie-starred eyes. Richard Wagner had his own answer to the dilemma of how singers look. "Take your glasses off!" he told Nietzsche.

In the half-light Wagner turns out to be a Freudian. What emerges here, dimly seen, is a series of highly

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Oedipal situations in which the composer, who was always uncertain of his own paternity, acts out the chief obsessions of his life. The hero is invariably in revolt against his father—though he may first have to spend a lot of time discovering who his father really is. Siegmund, for instance, is deeply insecure on this point, having lost his father in the woods as a child: "I did not find the father." Parsifal, billed as the perfect fool, is of course equally in the dark. GURNEMANZ: "Who is your father?" PARSIFAL: "I don't know that." Lohengrin, who does know, is not prepared to tell: "You must never question me," he insists. *"Nie sollst Du mich befragen."* Only Walther von Stolzing ("Walter of Proudsville") is able to reply, in answer to the Meistersingers' questions, that he is born "of free and noble wedlock." Tristan steals his uncle-father's bride. Tannhäuser is punished (wrongfully) by the Holy Father's rod. But the classic case is Siegfried, the arch-Wagnerian hero with whom Wagner identified most closely. Siegfried goes questioning after his father, slays his stepfather Mime (Wagner's stepfather, Geyer, happened to be an actor and "mime"), and then with the same sword breaks his grandfather Wotan's spear to gain possession of his aunt, Brünnhilde.

AFTER three or four hours on the hard wooden seats of the *Festspielhaus,* the purpose of Wieland Wagner's obfuscations begins to dawn on his audience. He wants to introduce us to these timeworn and rather tedious characters as though we had never met them before. *Bonjour* Tristan! *Ciao* Elsa! As if that weren't enough, he has also begun doing dazzling things to the music. This year's Bayreuth sensation—there is one for every festival—was not a new production but a repetition of last year's *Parsifal* with a young, energetic, and controversial conductor presiding over the invisible orchestra. Pierre Boulez—rapidly becoming the most visible personality on the European musical scene—is an avant-garde composer by profession and comes to operatic conducting only by way of his recent interest in, of all things, Alban Berg's *Wozzeck.* Boulez trimmed nearly half an hour from the expansive timings of his predecessor, Hans Knappertsbusch, and for the first time in my experience the score took on a lean and modern sense of line. Boulez is the first Frenchman to conduct at Bayreuth, the first experimental composer to work here, and the only conductor in the checkered history of the establishment who had never conducted Wagner anywhere before. He told me, after a successful opening night, that he knew *Parsifal* only from the score and from records: "I've never so much as seen another production of it; in France you just don't get a chance to see *Parsifal.*"

All this has traumatized some of the old-guard Wagnerians, who had assumed their spa would never change. A few years ago some of them started an "Association for the Authentic Performance of Wagner's Dramas," and they tried, ineffectively, to force Wieland Wagner to mend his ways: "We shall hold you to account . . . when the Bayreuth wind changes." But no one really believes the old Teutonic winds will blow here again. Not when the Oedipus complex is so much more restful on the eyes.

The Great Teachers

It never bothered Socrates,
Who clustered close about him
His own images, ghostly togas
Milk-pure, frozen in flowing out.
The naïve boys with crossed ankles
Rocked on their doubled fists,
The alert rows of them mirror
To the equanimities of love.

It never bothered Aristotle.
Thought was a sun his pupils
Tethered to like cavalries
Making a shambles of the past.
They brought him precious spoils
For the apartments of his mind;
Heavy with plunder, he divined
The blinded temperance of love.

It never bothered the Saviour
On the populous mountainsides,
Where the confusion of bared heads
Made like trees an orderly bowing.
If gospel truth sits oddly in
The mind, His vision meets
Upon some special confidence
The humble intersects of love.

It never bothers great teachers.
We learn them best when they are men
Poised on the sills of life, and see
How they lean out from it
To touch truth. We presume to teach
But grow old and hang back from risk.
We ask our children: *What is love?*
And are, too, endlessly betrayed.

—ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

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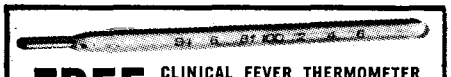

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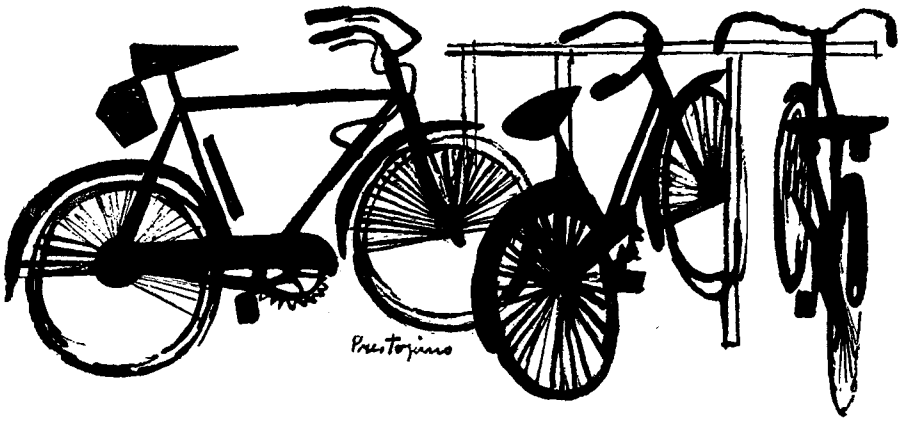

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PETER SCHRAG

THE NECESSARY REVOLUTION IN AMERICAN EDUCATION, by Francis Keppel. *Harper & Row. $5.95.*

From 1962, when President Kennedy brought him to Washington as U.S. Commissioner of Education, until a few months ago, when, significantly, he joined one of the new private mergers of electronics and publishing, Francis Keppel personified the mounting Federal presence in education. It was Keppel, more than anyone else, who was responsible for breaking the Congressional log-jam regarding Federal aid to education, who not only made such aid politically practicable but who engineered it into a philosophical *fait accompli*. Although there are still scattered voices warning about government control and the demise of local freedom, the United States has joyfully embraced the thing that only a few years ago was characterized as an Orwellian monster ready to inundate millions of innocent children under an avalanche of academic doublethink.

Keppel did not nearly solve all the problems of converting politically appropriated money into educational purity and progress. No one ever will. He himself became a victim of the process when he tried to freeze Federal funds allocated to Chicago on grounds that the city was operating de facto segregated schools; the forces of Mayor Richard Daley quickly descended on the White House and Keppel was overruled and, later, kicked upstairs. But on the whole the Federal formulas have become politically feasible if not educationally effective. Although most of the money goes through the hands of local politicians and although much of it will simply be used to reinforce the old machines and inequities, the principle has been established. Whatever adjustments are made in programs and administration, it is clear that the government is in education for keeps.

KEPPEL has now gone on to head an organization named the General Learning Corporation, an enterprise born of the marriage of Time Inc. and General Electric subsidiaries, and one of several new entries —along with Xerox, Raytheon, and IBM—into that branch of the knowledge industry concerned with producing new curricula and teaching gadgets for schools and colleges. Thus Keppel will probably be—as he was in the past three years—in the place where most of the action is. Clearly the new manufacturers of space-age teaching materials are going to make *the* major impact on education in the coming decade.

It is therefore of interest that Keppel has published a book—written before he left HEW—called *The Necessary Revolution in American Education*. The revolution he visualizes concerns the development of quality education (just as an earlier revolution made education universal) and the achievement of equality within education. The book describes rather simply what has and has not been accomplished in the past few years, laments the inadequacies of inner-city schools, the paucity of decent educational research, and the lack of inspired local educational leadership. It calls for an end to the "fortress school," the place that is locked at night and on weekends when it could serve as a genuine community center. Keppel castigates public-school leaders for their tendency "to take for granted that education is a thing apart, to be detached from the issues of the day," and justly concludes that they have therefore abdicated a major portion of their influence over public policy. "Educational issues," he adds, "have always taken and always will take their form from contemporary and political struggles."

But *The Necessary Revolution* hardly begins to describe the changes that Keppel himself helped start, and over which he may well preside in the coming years. What the title suggests as radical has been on the accepted public agenda for some time, and what it implies to be revolutionary is probably no more than the first of a series of major transformations required to make American public schools as good as he would like to see them. The book proposes no significant new solutions for the problems of the inner-city schools, depleted each year of more middle-class children, offers no serious discussion of the objectives toward which Federal funds should be directed, and provides no persuasive evidence that there should be a national educational policy at all.

Keppel is genuinely concerned about educational inadequacies in America. He knows that the Newtons and Scardales flourish at the expense of the Roxburys and Harlems, that the core cities are ever more in the business of operating pauper schools, and that exist-

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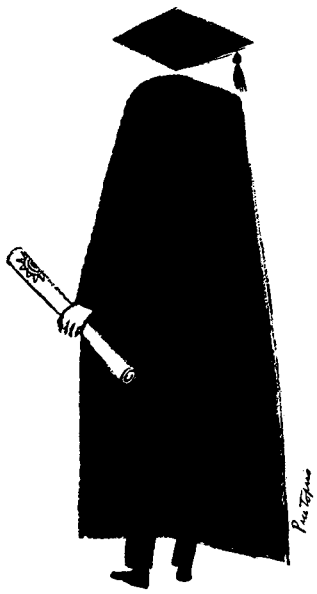
ing public policy, instead of combating the middle-class exodus, tends to accelerate it by making the individual school district, rather than the region, responsible for success in education and integration. New York is blamed for what is at least partly the responsibility of Scarsdale and Great Neck and Darien, and Chicago must pay the price of the flight to Evanston and Winnetka. Every year schools and systems become socially and racially more homogeneous, and every year more Federal money goes to urban politicians with only the vaguest concern for genuine education. If the exodus from the public city schools (to the suburbs and private and parochial schools) cannot be arrested, then public education is finished; anyone with the cash—and that means almost everyone except the poor—can flee across the city lines to let someone else take care of the problems downtown. And yet Keppel still speaks—in the rhetoric of a public official honoring ancient folklore—of the partnership of local, state, and national agencies, implying that every vested local interest requires preservation.

THE *real* revolution—the revolution Keppel helped start—will come on two fronts. One phase will surely involve the decline, if not the demise, of the local school district, that hangover from a rural America when particularism was geographically necessary and politically reasonable. But no mystique of local control can justify eighty separate and competing school systems in one metropolitan area, just as no jargon about "neighborhoods" can justify racial segregation.

Clearly there are local differences and peculiarly local problems, and they should be recognized through greater community involvement and planning within larger districts, but all children are being educated for a national culture, for a society that transcends district lines, and for an economy that honors no political divisions. Miseducation is a mobile commodity; it travels in old jalopies and interstate busses, and on the backs of the trucks that bring the migrants into town; it has a habit of showing up a thousand miles from where it originated, or even just across the suburban line from the central city. Yet so far public policy is largely geared to existing school organizations and political districts, not to children or parents, and certainly not toward regionalism or toward clearly defined national goals. The real revolution—and it *is* necessary—will come when policy begins to favor new districts and organizations—perhaps even private options exercised in a variety of independent schools; when it fosters metropolitanism rather than localism, and when it comes to be consciously directed toward recapturing—physically and morally—the fleeing public concern on which decent education thrives.



THE SECOND PHASE of the educational revolution is associated with Keppel's new job. Like the first, it involves the entry of a major new force into the educational arena—one that may eventually become more influential and more powerful than the Federal government itself. For the first time in our history, curriculum development is being taken over by well-financed and well-organized private professionals. And given the nature of the industry they operate, they will not be selling goods so much as services, just as Xerox and IBM now rent out copying machines and computers. These new professional educrats—computer technicians, media specialists, learning theorists—will train teachers in the use of new curricula and machines, will help support educational research and development, and will sell—or rather lease—complete systems to educational agencies.

So far, no one is certain what pedagogical and psychological ideologies will orient the new devices. The engineers can program and automate almost anything. But it is already apparent that no matter how the gadgets are oriented, they are going to affect every element of school organization from the budget to the bus. They will beget new types of pedagogues—planners and performers—and they will radically alter the learner's relation to his teachers. They will make it possible for students to spend less time in school and more time with their teachers when they are in school, will allow them to proceed almost independently at their own learning pace, and will therefore revolutionize all existing schedules, calendars, and structures. It is possible that for many children the home television set, the programmed book and teaching machine, and the computer will provide a large part of routine instruction.

Keppel suggests some of these developments when he writes: "The private sector is knowledgeable and well staffed. It can contribute to the strengthening of both public affairs and private profit by taking an active part in the development of new ways of teaching and learning, and above all in working out new, interrelated systems using different types of educational equipment and methods in combination. And there are those who feel that the private sector can also serve as a countervailing force both to stimulate and to act as a balance against governmental activities. In addition, then, to the new partnership being forged among the several levels of government to carry out educational change, the necessary revolution must also call upon a new partnership between the public and the private sectors of the economy in educational research and development."

No one can foresee the end of this process, yet clearly it relates to

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the necessary changes in school organization. To date, the phrase "school system" has described some sort of local governmental unit; in the future it may well come to mean a vertically integrated structure of learning. That is, rather than merely attending school in New York or Chicago or studying at the University of Wisconsin, a pupil may be enrolled in IBM or Xerox, with geographical location (not to mention time of year or class schedule) a secondary matter. This is not to say that personal associations, racial integration, and the entire social climate will not continue to be major factors in education. But the universality of each program—whether used in Georgia or Alaska, in the city or suburbs—will provide an equalizing, nationalizing force such as we have never had in American education. It may well be that some slum teachers—and teachers elsewhere as well—have ceased to believe that deprived children can be educated; but the machine, with fierce impartiality (provided cultural bias can be screened out), will provide its happy reinforcement, its automated encouragement and guidance, no matter who the pupil. Perhaps, in the long run, the machines will save us all from the vicious damage inflicted by subtle classroom discrimination.

There will be cries of alarm—fears of standardization, of industrialized, depersonalized thought regimentation based on assumptions about "the average child" or "the average intelligence." Yet if the educational engineers can begin to fulfill the promise of their instruments, and can generate the educational information and the process-oriented learning programs to match their technological research, they will produce flexibility and freedom for children and teachers that no school can now afford. There will obviously be dangers, just as there are dangers in the printing press and the television set, and just as there will always be dangers in centralization. But thus far, at least, the schools have always suffered most not from national inadequacies and pressures—and certainly not from either the Federal government or big industry—but from the small-time politics and prejudice that strictly local control has produced. What needs countervailing most is the local system.

Gods and Goats

MARCUS KLEIN

GILES GOAT-BOY, by John Barth. *Doubleday. $6.95.*

Giles Goat-Boy is a story about the preparation and young manhood of a boy who wants, in every literal way, to be a hero. No less. A hero is to be distinguished and certified against universal mythology, religion, history, psychology—against, indeed, the universe. The form of the novel is farcical allegory, because nothing less would be adequate to the boy's ambition—and the very least that is to be said about this novel is that it brings into a single allegorical configuration a tremendous complexity of circumstance and reflection. The vision is universal. The book is monumental and imposing, and the comedy, after the manner of heroism, is awesomely impersonal.

The primary term of the allegory is the conversion of the universe into a university. Into this scene of contradictory and frustrated endeavorings a child is born whose begetting is mysterious and unnatural. He is raised by a goatherd among the goats of Ag-Hill, until the moment when he conceives of his aspiration. From this invention the correspondences extend laterally, as it were, and multitudinously. The protagonist is at once Oedipus and Jesus Christ, and along the way he recapitulates fragments of Socrates and St. George, Dante, Aeneas, St. Giles, Giles of Rome, and the Living Buddha. The run and bulk of mankind is "Studentdom." The eternal adversary is the

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Dean o' Flunks. Studentdom's occasional seers are Professors of Prophecy (or Proph-Profs). The particular locale of the action is New Tammany College, a division of the West Campus, and its chancellor looks like John F. Kennedy. A hero is a Grand Tutor. The true source of all natural power is—as is academically correct—a gigantic computer. "Passage" or "Failure" are life's ends.

In fact the correspondences of this sort are now and then cumbersome. There is little reason, for instance, beyond the formal demands of the allegory, to refer to the cold war as the "Quiet Riot," or to Communism as "Student-Unionism." And these correspondences breed, in instances, entirely predictable jokes—thus, all Studentdom's favorite imprecation is "Flunk you!" More seriously, the allegory has a tendency to convert all impertinent actualities into the mere stuff of allegory. There is a passing reference, for instance, to the bombing of Hiroshima. Under the rule of the metaphor of the University, the bombing becomes an event in which the *minds* of a certain populace were eaten away. That is terrible, of course, but it is not nearly so terrible as what really happened at Hiroshima.

BUT the allegory goes in other ways as well, through layers and series of paradoxes, puns, and jokes. Every joke contains another, its opposite. Every adventure, and virtually every proper noun, doubles back on itself for further exploration of its possibilities. Beginning with the title: the GILES is an acronym for *Grand-Tutorial Ideal, Laboratory Eugenical Specimen.* Giles is the issue of an experiment with the computer. Giles is also, by etymology, a goat. As this Giles is a *Goat*-Boy, he is goatish, cloven-hoofed, different from the sheep, a satyr, a scapegoat, the source, by etymology and myth, of tragedy. As he is a Goat-Boy, he is trim of foot and his own informing polar opposite.

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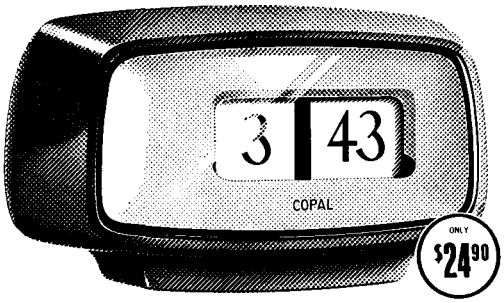

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many, is Shafted. That, in its beginning, is a college-boy joke. But the joke is father to the fear of sodomy. To be shafted is to be flunked. The shaft is phallic, but then again, and by the same measure, it is also the Tree of Life, and it is the Crucifix. The shaftee is the Goat-Boy's mentor, himself a Psycho-Proctologist and a rapturously willing scapegoat. As he ascends the Shaft to the point where its tip meets the bowl of the sky, he bursts, Phoenix-like, into flames, and his impregnating ashes fall on the howling mob below.

THIS is John Barth's fourth novel. The novels began reasonably short and straightforward. Both *Giles* and *The Sot-Weed Factor,* which preceded it, are enormous (*Giles* is 710 pages), intricate, endlessly ingenious, learned, and extravagant with narrative inventions. Withal, within these fat books there would seem to be a severe, narrowly defined principle of action which, by principle, requires massive affirmations.

Barth began, in his first two novels, by proposing the ultimate metaphysical horror: there is no reason for anything. His protagonist in *The Floating Opera,* a man of a certain age, has been in his time, serially, a rake, a saint, and a cynic. All his postures within the universe have been equally arbitrary. At the moment of the action he seeks for any reason not to commit suicide; he concludes, uneasily enough, by discovering that there is no reason for suicide either, and inertia is on the side of living. In *The End of the Road,* the protagonist begins in the equipoise of perfect paralysis of will. He takes on a therapy of role-playing, meets some admirable people whose values, finally, are as arbitrary as his own, and, having destroyed everyone and everything, ends in flight back to his death.

At a certain point the character in *The End of the Road* realizes that, *Existenz-Philosophie* to the contrary, existence not only precedes essence, it defies essence. In all of Barth's fiction, existence—nothing less—is the enemy. Existence is ambiguous, contradictory, meaningless, and it is also foul. It is antagonistic to all symmetrical, ideal constructions. More and more apparently as the fictions have grown larger, it is the world-at-large that is the protagonist's opposite number, a world-at-large that is represented as diseased, perverted, malodorous, gummy with the detritus of ordinary human lives. It is Chaos and it is the Pit.

But the world-at-large is all there is. With that enemy, a man does not need a friend. All cleanly idealisms must be confirmed by descent into it. And in fact the apparent principle of the progress of Barth's novels is reconciliation of the remoteness between a protagonist who remains essentially the same man and a world-at-large which is offered to him in ever larger and ever more evil doses. The protagonist is one or another sort of idealist who is submitted—in the phrase prominent in three of the four novels—to *"what is the case."* In *The Sot-Weed Factor* Ebenezer Cooke, an eighteenth-century gentleman, defines himself initially as a Poet and a Virgin, and sets forth into the New World to sing its praises. The New World is nothing such as he has imagined, and by the time he is done, some eight hundred pages later, the flag of his innocence is woefully tattered and he has become a writer of satire. *The Sot-Weed Factor* is a funny story about an ingenuous idealist who long refuses to accept reality, but more to the point it is a story about a man who, page by page, has his nose rubbed into the stuff. And the signal of his final reconciliation is ghastly: he takes to wife and to bed a syphilitic whore. Having become diseased, then, he takes up his estate in the world.

THAT Dostoevskian answer to a novel which might have been written by Tobias Smollett was obviously unsatisfactory. *Giles Goat-Boy* sets forth, it would seem, to effect the reconciliation which will not be a submission. From his obscure, suggestive beginnings the ingenuous goat-boy enters the depraved, confused University to do his hero work. Like Ebenezer Cooke, he is an idealist. He conceives of heroism first as righteous assertion of the clear, uncompromising distinctions between "Passage" and "Failure." He is taught that "Passage" so rigidly maintained leads to "Failure." He therefore reverses his righteousness and asserts that "Failure is Passage." To accept that paradox as the last truth is to declare for love and the flesh. What was submission is now volition. And that might be the answer for a questing hero, but this love when it is tested is not lovely:

"Once I'd come to know her from head to foot with my elbows, knees, ears, hams, testicles, and shoulder-blades, I sniffed and tasted her, in that order, with similar thoroughness. . . . I familiarized myself, olfactorially and gustatorially, with her hair-oil, earwax, tears, saliva, snot, sweat, blood (from a pinprick on her left forefinger), lymph, urine, feces, skin-oil, vaginal secretion, and finger- and toenail parings— I had no lunch, and my stomach rumbled loudly. . . ."

Such courtship is at the expense of all idealisms. The point of heroism must be, rather, perfect union. And the goat-boy arives at his heroism, it is indicated, when he abandons all discrete polarities and all assertions. "Passage" and "Failure" are neither opposites nor the same, but circular and interpenetrating. The same with Male and Female, East and West, Time and Eternity, Life and Death. The circle mysteriously combines stasis with motion.

It is the primary fault of this ending that it responds more immediately to the purely allegorical formulations which have preceded it than to the true impertinences of *what is the case.* The career of this hero might be, for this ending, an adventure in a tortured syllogism. But the attempt at the shaping of actualities into an ideal conception is, of course, entirely to the point, and it is the virtue of this ending that the motion it implies must be continuous, which is to say that the radical antagonisms will go on.

The true and accomplished heroism, that is to say, is in Barth's tremendous struggle to make harmony of ultimate opposites, to herd the goats with the sheep. There never was better husbandry.

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